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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twenty-first Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, Queen of Prussia, was born on the 10th of March 1776; she is the daughter of Duke Charles Louis Frederick, sovereign of the duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and niece of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain. She was betrothed to her royal consort in February, and married on the 24th December 1793. Handsome in her person, accomplished in her manners, with a mind equally elevated and noble, she possesses talents sufficient, if left unbiassed, to alleviate the burden of state to her royal consort. Misled, or prejudiced, she, by a fatality belonging to our wretched times, became an indirect instrument to support usurpation in France, by forsaking her native dignity, and condescending to put herself on a level with a revolutionary Empress, and by not dissuading her husband from forming those scandalous relations, which united him with the most atrocious of usurpers.

Whether impolitic errors of courts may as justly be attributed to depraved and immoral courtiers, as shameful and dangerous transactions of cabinets are to ignorant or corrupted ministers, the sovereigns of the Prussian Monarchy have certainly since 1795 been encompassed by every thing derogatory to greatness, undermining rank, insulting virtue, humiliating loyalty, and destructive to social order. What can contemporaries think, what must posterity judge of certain transactions, and of certain connections of the cabinet of Berlin? Does it not seem as if every confidential attendant of the Prussian Queen was studying to degrade her, and every confidential counsellor of the Prussian King was a traitor conspiring against lawful sovereignty, or at least a well paid pensioner of usurpation, or an artful intriguer in its pay, plotting against all ancient dynasties?

The day on which Prussia forsook the coalition by the treaty of Basle, she inclosed herself in a circle of dangers. She broke the obligation of her alliances without being able to form any, took umbrage at being reproached, resumed that national hatred, which the wisdom of the Emperor Leopold, and the patriotism of Frederick William II. had abjured; and forgot revolutionary France to dread Austria and Russia. Assisted by these fatal dissentions, Bonaparte and his predecessors have pursued their disorganizations, plots and usurpations.

Justice and impartiality require, however, that it should also be remarked, that the lustre of the Prussian Monarchy was clouded before their Majesties began to reign. It was obscured, if not darkened, by its treaties with the regicide French republic. This was however not surprising. The late King, enervated by debauchery, and influenced by corrupt or depraved mistresses, became the easy dupe of seduction, and a prey to

delusion. During his last years the reins of state were directed by revolutionary illuminati, by political quacks, or by unprincipled women. The errors and vices of his government, although reprehensible and complained of, were nevertheless justly ascribed to others, not to himself. But when, shortly after the accession of their present Majesties, the ex-Abbé Sieyes, the most infamously notorious of regicides, was admitted as an ambassador at Berlin, loyalty was dejected, and rebellion reared its head in triumph. Notwithstanding any thing a Haugwitz, a Schoulembourg, or a Hardenberg, may have asserted to the contrary, the assassin of one King could never be a proper person to figure in the court of another. But many thought that even this humiliating act was merely a temporary though a degrading measure, commanded by imperious circumstances.

In the year 1799, when the most artful as well as the most outrageous of usurpers had seized on the throne of the Bourbons, all truly loyal and religious men began to be alarmed at the conduct of the Prussian cabinet. The manner in which Bonaparte's emissary Duroc was cajoled and caressed at the court of Berlin did not diminish their apprehensions. He was not only treated with the same ceremony as the representative of a legitimate sovereign, but with a distinction unusual as well as unbecoming. Being one day permitted to be present at the parade of the garrison of Berlin, he expressed some approbation of the scarfs of the officers of the King's body guards. No sooner was her Prussian Majesty informed of his *condescension*, than she, or rather her courtiers, caused her to degrade her rank and elevation, and to forget that this Duroc was nothing but the valet of a mean adventurer, who six years before could not have obtained the commission of a subaltern in the Prussian service. The Queen is said to have knitted with her own hands a scarf;—it is known that she presented one to Duroc with her own hand on the day he took leave.

This impolitic step (which took place during the winter of 1799), to say no worse of it, encouraged Bonaparte to send during the winter of 1800, his brother Louis to fraternize with the King, Queen, and royal family at Berlin. As might be expected, this Prince of Corsican blood was brutal, they were enduring; he was insolent and they were condescending; he behaved, from want of education, from presumption and vanity, like an upstart *sans culotte*; they, like sovereigns, like princes and princesses, who saw that they had advanced too far, but who had not courage or disinterestedness enough to retreat, and instead of entertaining and feasting this ill-bred vagabond at Berlin, at Potsdam, at Charlottenbourg, or at Sans Souci, to shut him up amongst his equals, at Magdebourg or at Spandau.

The King and Queen are fond of retirement.—The winter of 1800 was passed by the royal family, not in the palace, but in a private house at Berlin, to save, as was reported, the expence of many fires, wood being rather dear. Every day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the King took a walk, without any other suite than one of his Majesty's aid-de-camps. The Queen at the same hour took an airing in a plain post-chaise, so plain that not its equal is found in any inn of Great Britain: behind the post-chaise stood two servants, and by her side was either her brother or some lady of her court. She was accompanied with no guards, or any attendants in any other carriage. Among a people, whose religious ideas were shaken under Frederick the Great; whose morals were corrupted under the reign of his successor; and who, under the present reign, have listened with avidity to the revolutionary doctrine of French emissaries, and who have seen their Sovereign by treaties descend to a level with the present as well as with former usurpers in France, all base as well as criminal, such an affected simplicity will certainly not augment their loyalty.

Every day during the same winter, when the weather permitted, the young Prince Royal and his cousin, nearly of his own age, son of the late Prince Lewis, took a walk on a place called the Linden, accompanied with no other person but their governor, a brother, and a son of a baker at Magdeburg. The children of tradesmen in good circumstances in England are much better dressed than those two Princes were; and no merchant's clerk in this country is so shabbily accoutred, as was their governor, an honest man, who would make an excellent usher in a charity school.

The Queen of Prussia is the tender mother of six children: four Princes and two Princesses; of whom the eldest was born on the 15th of October 1795, and the youngest on the 15th of January 1805.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CRIMINAL.

IN the whole history of man, there is no chapter more instructive for the heart and mind than the annals of his deviations. By every great crime, a power proportionally great has been exerted. When the secret operation of our desire conceals itself by the fainter light of common affections, in the state of violent passion it becomes more rampant, more gigantic, and more visible; the more penetrating observer of mankind, who knows best what dependence we ought to place on the mechanism of the common free will, and how far we are entitled to draw analogous conclusions, will transplant from this province into his pneumatology many facts, and them useful for moral life.

The human heart is something so very uniform, and, at the same time, so very complex, that one and the same ability, or desire, can operate in a thousand different forms and directions; can effect a thousand inconsistent phenomena; and can appear differently combined in a thousand characters; while, on the other hand, a thousand dissimilar characters and actions may be deduced from the same disposition, even when the person of whom we speak has not the least idea that such an affinity exists. Should there a Linneus arise from the human race, as for the other realms of nature, who classified according to instincts and dispositions, how much should we be surprised to see many a one, whose vices are confined to the small sphere of common life, and circumscribed by the narrow limits of the laws, ranked in the same order with the monster Borgia.

If we consider the matter in this point of view, many objections may be made against the common method of treating history; and here also, I suppose, lies the difficulty, why the study of it has hitherto proved so little beneficial to common life. Betwixt the violent emotions in the mind of the acting person, and the calm composure of the reader, to whom this action is recounted, there exists a disagreeable contrast, there lies such an immensity of distance, that it is difficult for the latter, nay almost impossible for him, to form even an idea of a connection. There remains a chasm betwixt the historical subject and the reader, which cuts off every possibility of a comparison or application; and, instead of exciting that salutary terror, which warns proud health, it produces only astonishment, expressed by a shake of the head. We look upon the unfortunate person (who, in the hour that he committed the action, equally as in that which he suffers for it, was a human being like ourselves), as a creature of a different species, whose blood circulates otherwise than ours, and whose will is subject to other laws; his fate affects us but little, for sympathy is only founded on a remote consciousness of similar danger, and we are far from even dreaming of such a similarity. The lesson, therefore, is lost with the application, and history, instead of proving a school to enlighten us, must rest content with the pitiful merit of satisfying our curiosty. If she is to interest us more, if she is to attain her great aim, she must of necessity choose one of these two methods. The reader must either become warm as the hero, or the hero must be cold as the reader.

I know, that many of the best historians, both modern and ancient, have embraced the first method, and have engaged the hearts of their readers by an eloquent style. But this manner is an usurpation of the writer, and encroaches on the republican liberty of the reading world, who are entitled to judge for themselves; it is, at the same time, an infringement of those laws that limit the science, for this method is peculiarly and exclusively assigned to the orator and the poet. For the historian, the latter only remains.

The hero must be cold as the reader, or, what is here equally the same, we must be acquainted with him, before he acts; we must see him not only achieve his action, but see him wish to achieve it. His thoughts are much more important to us than his actions, and the springs of his thoughts still more so than the consequences of those actions. The soil of Vesuvius hath been investigated, in order to ascertain the origin of its conflagration; and why do we bestow less of our attention on a moral than on a physical phenomenon? Why do we not pay the same degree of regard to the nature and situation of affairs which environed such a person, till the collected tinder caught fire in his soul? The strange and marvellous in such a phenomenon charms the dreamer, who delights in the wonderful. The friend of truth seeks for a mother to these lost children. He seeks her in the unalterable struc-

ture of the human soul, and in the unalterable conditions which externally determine it; and, in these two he is sure to find her. He is then no longer surprised to see the poisonous hemlock spring up in those very beds, where the most salutary herbs usually flourish in profusion; or, to find wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, in the same cradle together.

Were I even to set no value on any of the advantages which pneumatology derives from such a method of treating history, it merits, however, a preference on this account alone, that it eradicates the cruel scorn and proud security with which unproved standing virtue generally looks down on the fallen, as it diffuses the meek spirit of toleration, without which, no fugitive can return, no reconciliation of the law can take place, and no infected member of society can be rescued from the general contagion.

If the criminal, of whom I shall presently speak, was still entitled to appeal to that spirit of toleration, if he was really lost to the state beyond a possibility of recovery, I shall leave to the judgment of the reader. Our mercy can now be of no avail, for he died by the hand of the executioner; but the dissection of his vices may prove a lesson to humanity, perhaps, also to justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper, in a country town of **** (the name of which, from reasons, which will appear evident in the sequel, we must conceal); he assisted his mother to carry on the business till his twentieth year, for his father was dead. The house was little frequented, and Wolf had many idle hours. From the time he had been at school he had been known as a wild youth. Grown up girls complained frequently of his assurance, and the boys of the town paid homage to his inventive abilities. Nature had neglected his person. A little unseemly figure, frizzled hair of a disagreeable black colour, a flat nose, and swollen upper lip, which was besides distorted by a kick of a horse, rendered his appearance so extremely repulsive, that it frightened all the women from him, and afforded an inexhaustible fund of merriment to his comrades.

He wished to obtain that by defiance, which was refused him by nature; because he displeased, he resolved at pleasing. He was sensual, and persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he choose treated him ill; he had reason to fear that his rival was happier; but the girl was poor. A heart that was shut to the professions of love might open to his presents; but he himself was oppressed with want, and the vain attempt to render his external agreeable, consumed the little he gained by a bad business. Too easy and too ignorant to remedy his ruined economy by speculation; too proud and too effeminate to change the state of the gentleman, in which he lived, with that of the peasant; and to renounce his boasted liberty, he only saw one resource left him, which thousands before and after him have taken with better success, the resource to steal in an honest manner. His native town lay on the borders of one of the prince's forests. He became deer stealer, and the produce of his depredations passed faithfully into the hands of his mistress.

Amongst the lovers of Hannah, was Robert, a huntsman to the forester, who soon observing the advantage which the liberality of his rival had gained over him, sought after the cause of this change with an evil eye. He went oftener to the Sun, for this was the sign of the inn; his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered whence this money flowed. Not long before that period a severe edict had been revived against the deer-stealers, which condemned the transgressors to bridewell. Robert was indefatigable in watching all the secret steps of his enemy, and, at last, succeeded in detecting the imprudent inn-keeper in the fact. Wolf was imprisoned, and it was with great difficulty, and not without the sacrifice of all his little property, that he obtained a commutation of his punishment.

Robert triumphed. His rival was beaten off the field, and Hannah's favour lost for the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the happy possessor of his Johanna. A galling sense of his own want, joined to injured pride, poverty and jealousy combined, break in upon his sensibility, hunger drives him on the wide world, revenge and passion rivet him to the spot. He again became a deer stealer; but Robert's redoubled vigilance entraps him a second time. Now he experiences the full severity of the law, for he has nothing more to give; and in a few weeks, he is delivered over to the bridewell of the capital.

The year of punishment is endured, his passion had grown by absence, and his obstinacy had risen under the pressure of misfortune. Scarce had he obtained his liberty, when he hastened to his native place to show himself to his Johanna. He appears, but is avoided. Pressing want, at last, humbled his pride, and got the better of his effeminacy. He offers himself as a day labourer to the rich of the place; the husbandman looks with contempt on the weak effeminate wretch; the muscular appearance of his sturdy rival bears off the preference by this unfeeling patron. He makes a last attempt. A place is still vacant; the last lost appointment of an honest name—he applies to be made town's herdsman, but the peasant will not trust his swine to a profligate.

In all his plans disappointed, every where repulsed, he became, for the third time, deer-stealer, and, for the third time, was unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his vigilant enemy.

This second relapse aggravated his guilt. The judges looked into the book of laws, but none of them read the state of mind of the accused. The edict against the deer-stealers required a solemn and striking example; and Wolf was condemned, with the sign of the gallows burnt on his back, to work three years in the fortress.

This period also elapsed, and he went from the fortress; but quite a different creature from what he was when he came there. This forms the commencement of a new epoch in his life; but let us hear his own words, as he afterwards made a confession to the clergyman who attended him, and to the courts of justice:—

"I entered the fortress," said he, "as a strayed sheep, and left it as a finished villain. I had still something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride revolted at ignominy As I was brought to the fortress, I was confined to the same apartment with three and twenty prisoners, amongst whom were two murderers, the rest were all noted thieves and vagabonds. They made a game of me, when I talked of God; they urged me on to utter the most dreadful imprecations against our blessed Saviour; they sung obscene songs, which I, a professed libertine, could not hear without disgust and horror; but what shocked my modesty most was, what I saw them practise. No day passed without the repetition of some scandalous scene of their lives, without the contrivance of some wicked scheme. At first I fled from these wicked miscreants, and avoided, as much as possible, their intercourse; but I needed some creature to sympathise with me, and the barbarity of my keepers had even refused me my dog. The labour was hard and tyrannical; my constitution was sickly; I required help; and, if I must candidly confess it, I required compassion. So I habituated myself to the most detestable ideas, and in the last three months I became a greater proficient than my teacher.

"From this moment I thirsted for my liberty, as I thirsted for revenge. All mankind had injured me, for every one was better and happier than I I looked upon myself as a martyr to the rights of man, and a sacrifice to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I impatiently bit my chains when the sun set on the hill of my prison; an extensive prospect is a double hell for one that is confined. The fresh draught of wind that whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, that harboured on the iron bar of my grated crevice, seemed to mock me with their liberty, and made my confinement appear the more horrid. It was then I swore an irreconcilable inextinguishable hatred to all that bore the resemblance of man, and what I swore I have faithfully kept.

"My first thought, on recovering my liberty, was my native town. As little as I had there to hope for my future support, the more promising were my expectations of satiating my thirst for revenge. My heart beat more licentiously as I descried at a distance the steeple arise from amongst the woods. It was no more that heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction which I had experienced on my first pilgrimage. The memory of all the hardships, of all the persecutions I had once undergone there, awoke at once from a terrible death-like sleep, all my wounds bled afresh, and every scar to my honour was again unripped I redoubled my pace, for I anticipated in my mind the pleasure of overwhelming my enemies with consternation by my sudden appearance, and I now thirsted as much for humiliation as I formerly trembled for it.

"The bell tolled to evening service as I stood in the midst of the market-place. The people thronged to church. They soon recollected me, and every one that stumbled on me seemed shy and retreated. I had always been particularly fond of little children, and even now this attachment involuntarily got the better of me, and I offered a little boy that hopped by me a penny. The boy looked at me a few moments with a fixed stare, and then threw the money in my face. Had my blood been a little more cool, I should have remembered, that the long beard which I wore, since my release from the fortress, had disfigured the traits of my face, and had rendered them horrid—but my bad heart had infected my reason. Tears such as I had never shed rolled over my cheeks.

"The boy knows not who I am, nor whence I come, said I, half audibly to myself, and yet he avoids me like a bugbear. Am I then marked any where on the forehead, or have I no longer the appearance of a mortal, because I feel that I can no longer love one? The contempt of this boy pained me more sensibly than three years labour as a convict, for I had done him good, and could accuse him of no personal hatred.

"I seated myself in a carpenter's yard opposite the church; for what reason, I know not; but I well remember that I arose irritated to the highest pitch, as none of all my acquaintance, who passed by, not even one, deigned to take the least notice of me. With reluctance, I left my station to seek for an inn; as I was turning the corner of a street I ran full against my

Johanna. 'Mine host of the Sun!' exclaimed she quite loud, and advanced to embrace me; 'you here again, dear landlord of the Sun! thank God, that you are returned!' Famine and extreme wretchedness were visible in her dress, an opprobrious malady in her face, her whole appearance bespoke the most abandoned of creatures to which she was sunk. I soon conceived what must have happened. Several dragoons whom I had met led me to believe that there were soldiers quartered in the town. Soldier's trull! cried I, and in a fit of laughter, turned my back upon her. It gave me pleasure to think that there was a creature in the scale of mankind more despicable than myself. I never loved her.

"My mother was dead; my creditors had paid themselves with my small house; I had nobody and nothing more to interest me; the whole world fled from me as from a viper; but I had, at last, lost all sense of shame. Formerly I had avoided the eyes of mankind, because I could not brook contempt. At present I obtruded myself upon them, and took delight to scare them; I felt myself at my ease, since I had nothing more to lose, and nothing more to care for; I stood in no further need of any good quality, as no one supposed me capable of any.

"The wide world lay before me, I might have, perhaps, passed for an honest man in another province, but I had lost the courage even to appear as one. Despair and shame had, at last, obliged me to adopt this mode of thinking; it was the last subterfuge that remained to me, to reconcile myself to the want of honour, since I could no longer lay claim to any. Had my vanity and pride survived my degradation, I must have committed suicide.

"What my resolutions then were, I knew not properly myself; so much I recollected obscurely,—I determined to deserve my fate; the laws, I thought, were a benefit to the world; I resolved therefore to infringe them. Formerly, I transgressed from necessity and levity; at present, I did it from free choice and for pleasure.

"The first thing I did was to continue deer-stealing. Hunting, in general, grew upon me to a passion; and, besides, it was also necessary for me to subsist. But this was not the only motive that actuated me; it was highly gratifying for me, to set the prince's edict at defiance, and do my sovereign every possible injury. I was no wise afraid of being apprehended, for I had a ball ready for him who should detect me; and I knew well that I did not miss my man. I killed all the game that came in my way; what I converted into money on the frontiers was but little; the most I suffered to rot; I led a very miserable life in order to defray the expence of powder and shot. My devastation in the prince's forests became the subject of common talk; but no longer did suspicion fall on me. My appearance extinguished it; my name was forgotten.

"This sort of life I led for several months. One morning, as usual, I traversed the wood, to follow the trace of a stag. Two hours I had fatigued myself to no purpose; and I then began to give up my booty as lost, when I at length discovered it within my shot. I was on the eve of putting the piece to my shoulder and of firing, but suddenly the appearance of a hat, that lay a few paces from me on the ground, affrighted me.

"I cast my eyes around me on every side, and immediately discovered the huntsman, Robert, who, from behind the trunk of an aged oak, levelled at the same stag for which I designed my shot. A deadly damp pervaded all my limbs as I saw him. He, of all living, was exactly the mortal whom I most abhorred, and he was within the reach of my ball. In this moment it seemed to me as if the whole world lay in my shot, and the hatred of my whole life concentrated itself in the single point of the finger with which I was to press the murderous trigger. An invincible dreadful hand hovered over me; the regulator of my fate pointed irrecoverably to this black minute; my arm trembled as I left my gun the horrid choice; my teeth chattered as if in a feverish cold; and the breath, which had confined itself to my lungs, almost suffocated me. For a whole minute the muzzle of my gun remained doubtfully directed between the man and the stag—a minute—and still a minute—a third! Revenge and conscience contended obstinately and doubtfully, but revenge got the better, and the huntsman lay stretched a corpse on the earth.

"My arm dropt with the shot.—Murderer! stuttered I slowly.—The forest was still as a church-yard—I heard distinctly that I had said murderer. As I slipt nearer, the man died. Long did I stand speechless before the deceased; a loud fit of laughter, at length, gave me respiration. Will you now hold your tongue, my friend? said I, and stepping boldly up to the body, turned the face outwards. The eyes stood wide open; I grew serious, and became again quite silent.—I began to feel strange.

"The judgment of God never once occurred to me; but a judgment, I do not well know which, a confused remembrance of the halter and sword, and the execution of a woman for child murder which I had witnessed when a school-boy. There was something extremely frightful for me in the idea, that my life, from the present moment was forfeited. The other particulars of what I then felt I cannot now recollect. I wished immediately after the perpetration of the

murder, that the huntsman had still lived. I did myself violence to recall in a lively manner to my remembrance all the evil he had done me during his life, but strange! my memory seemed as if it had died within me; I could not retrace a single circumstance of all that, but a quarter of an hour before, had driven me mad; I could not at all conceive how I could have been guilty of this murder!

"Still did I continue standing before the corpse—I could hardly tear myself from it. The cracking of whips and the creeking sound of carriers waggons, as they drove through the wood, brought me to myself. For it was scarcely a mile from the road, where the crime was committed. I was forced to think of my safety.

"Without following any proper course, I strayed deeper into the wood. On the way I recollected that the murdered huntsman used to wear a watch. I needed money to regain the frontiers; and yet I had not the courage to return to the place where the deceased lay. Here the thoughts of the devil, and the omnipresence of the Almighty startled me. I mustered all my courage; resolved to put all hell at defiance, I returned to the place; I found what I expected, and, in a green purse, a little more than a dollar in money. Just as I was going to put both of them up, I suddenly stopt short and deliberated. It was no fit of shame, nor yet of fear to aggravate my crime by robbery—spite it was, I believe, that made me throw the watch from me, and retain but half the money. I wished to pass for a personal enemy of him I had shot, but not for his robber.

"Now I fled to the interior of the forest. I knew that the wood extended sixteen miles to the northward, and then touched the frontier. I ran quite breathless until it was high noon. The precipitation of my flight had dispersed my remorse of conscience, but it returned more dreadfully as my strength became more exhausted. A thousand frightful forms passed before me, and pierced my breast like daggers. Betwixt a life constantly disquieted by the fears of death, and a violent exit from it by my own hands, there was now a dreadful alternative left me, and choose I must. I had not courage to rid myself of the world by suicide, and felt such horror at the prospect of remaining in it. Racked in my choice betwixt the certain torments of this life, and the uncertain terrors of eternity, alike incapable to live and to die, I spent the sixth hour of my flight; an hour replete with tortures of which no mortal, as yet, can form an idea.

"Retired within myself and slow, having unconsciously drawn my hat over my face, as if this could have rendered me undistinguishable to the eye of inanimate nature, I had followed imperceptibly the track of a small foot path, which led me through the thickest recesses of the wood, when suddenly a harsh commanding voice before me called, halt! The voice was quite near me; my distraction and the flapped hat had prevented my looking around me. I raised my eyes, and saw a wild man, who bore a great knotty club, advancing towards me. His figure bordered on the gigantic—consternation, with which I was at first seized, at least, made me believe so; and the colour of his skin was of a tawny mulatto-black, which the white of a squinting eye rendered truly horrible. He had, instead of a belt, a thick rope tied twice round a green woollen coat, in which he wore a large slaughtering knife, with a pistol He repeated his words, and a sturdy arm held me fast. The voice of a mortal had frightened me, but the appearance of a ruffian gave me courage. In the situation in which I at present was I had cause to tremble for every honest man, but none to dread a villain.

"Who are you?" said this apparition.

"Your equal, was my answer,—if you are really that which you appear to be!

"That is not the right way out of the forest. What is your business here?"

"Who gave you right to ask?" answered I obstinately.

"The man viewed me twice from head to foot. It seemed as if he was comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure.—'You speak in a brutal manner; much like a beggar,' said he, at last.

"That may be; it is what I was but yesterday."

"The man laughed. 'One might take an oath on it,' cried he, 'that you still wished to pass for nothing better to day.'

"Perhaps, then, for something worse.—I wish to get on."

"Softly, my friend! what is all your hurry?" I recollected myself for a moment; I know not how the word came on my tongue.—'Life is short, said I slowly, and hell endures for ever.'

"He stared me full in the face. 'I'll be d——d,' said he, at last, 'if you have not made an hair-breadth escape from some gallows.'

"That may, perhaps, still happen; so, to our next meeting, comrade."

"Here's to you, comrade!" cried he, as he drew from his wallet a tin flask; from which, he took an hearty draught, and reached it to me. My flight and anxiety had exhausted my strength, and, during the whole terrible day, nothing as yet passed my lips. I feared, indeed, to have perished with faintness in this forest, where, in a circumference of twelve miles, I could not hope to find the least refreshment. You may judge how gladly I pledged him in this proffered health.

By this cordial my limbs were animated with new strength, my heart with fresh courage and hope, and love of life; I began to conceive that I was not altogether miserable; such were the effects of this welcome liquor. Nay, I confess it, my situation again approached that of the happy; for I had, at last, after a thousand disappointed hopes, found a creature who bore a resemblance to myself.

"The man had stretched himself on the grass; I did the same.

"Your draught hath been of service to me," said I; 'we must be better acquainted with one another.'

"He struck fire to light his pipe.

"Have you been long in the trade?"

"He looked at me stedfastly.—'What do you mean by that?'

"Has this been often bloody?" I drew the knife from his belt.

"Who are you?" said he in a terrible voice, and laid the pipe aside.

"A murderer, like yourself!—but, as yet, only a beginner."

"The man looked sternly at me, then took up his pipe again.

"You do not live here?" said he, at last.

"Three miles from this, the keeper of the Sun, in L—, if you have ever heard of me."

"The man sprang up, like one deprived of his senses.

"The deer stealer, Wolf?" cried he, hastily.

"The same!"

"Welcome, comrade! welcome!" cried he, and shook me heartily by the hand. 'That is excellent that I have you at last, landlord! Year and day I have been thinking how to get you. I know you very well. I have been told of all that has happened. I have long reckoned on you.'

"Reckoned on me! for what then?"

"The whole country rings of you; you have been persecuted by justice, Wolf; you have been ruined; the manner in which they have treated you is sinful."

"The man grew warm—'because you shot a couple of wild boars, which the Prince feeds on our fields and meadows, they have for years dragged you about the work-house and the fortress; they have robbed you of your house and livelihood; they have reduced you to beggary. Is it come to this, brother, that man is to be valued no higher than a hare? are we not better than the beasts of the field? and a fellow like you could endure this?'

"Could I help it?"

"That we shall see. But tell me, where do you come from now, and what are your intentions?"

"I related to him my whole history. The man without waiting, until I had finished, sprang up with eager impatience, and drew me after him. 'Come, brother, landlord,' said he, 'now you are ripe, now I have got you where I wanted you. I shall gain honour by you. Follow me.'

"Where will you lead me?"

"Don't ask questions. Follow;" he dragged me forcibly after him.

"We had proceeded near a mile, the forest became more and more uneven, impervious and entangled, neither of us spoke a single word, until at last the whistle of my conductor roused me from my reveries. I cast my eyes around me, we stood on the craggy precipice of a rock, which descended into a deep cleft. A second whistle answered from the inmost womb of the rock, and a ladder, as of itself, slowly arose out of the hollow. My leader descended first, desiring me to wait until he should return. 'I must chain the dog,' added he, 'you are a stranger here, the beast would tear you to pieces.' With that he went.

"Now I stood alone on the brink of the abyss, and I knew very well that I was alone. The imprudence of my guide had not escaped my notice; a moment's resolution, to have drawn up the ladder, I was safe, and my flight secured. I must confess, I was conscious of this. I looked down into the gulf, which was now to receive me, it gave me a dark idea of the abyss of hell, from which there can be no hope of salvation. I began to tremble at the path I was now going to tread; a speedy flight only could save me. I resolved on this flight; already I stretched out my arm to lay hold of the ladder, but at once it thundered in my ears, it sounded on every side like the scoffing laughter of hell: 'what has a murderer to risk!' and my arm fell powerless to my side. My score of iniquity was full; the time for repentance was no more; the murder I had committed lay towered up behind me like a rock, and barred my return for ever. At the same time my conductor again appeared, and intimated to me I might come down. Now I had no longer an alternative—I descended.

"We had proceeded a few steps under the cleft, when the bottom extended itself, and discovered several huts. In the midst of these a round green opened to the view, on which several people, eighteen or twenty in number, had laid themselves around a coal fire. 'Here comrades,' said my leader, and presented me in the midst of the circle, 'our landlord of the Sun; bid him welcome.'

"Landlord of the Sun," cried all at the same time, and every one darted up, and pressed round me, men and women. Shall I confess it, the joy was undissembled and sincere; confidence, even

regard was apparent in every face. One squeezed my hand, another familiarly took hold of me by the coat.

"The whole scene was as the meeting with an old acquaintance, who is dear to us. My arrival had interrupted the feast which was just going to begin. They immediately recommenced it, and invited me to drink to the welcome. Venison of every sort was their meal, and the flask, with wine, circulated freely from neighbour to neighbour. Good living and harmony seemed to inspire the whole band, and every one vied to express his joy at my arrival, in a manner more licentious than his neighbour.

"They had seated me betwixt two women, which was the place of honour at table. I expected to find them the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment on discovering amongst this abandoned crew the most beautiful female forms which ever my eyes had seen. Margaret, the elder and more beautiful of the two, assumed the title of *maid*, and could scarce have attained her five and twentieth year; she talked in a very licentious manner, and what her tongue concealed her gestures fully expressed. Maria, the younger, was married, but had eloped from a husband who had used her ill. She was more delicate, but looked rather pale and sickly, and dazzled less than her fiery neighbour. Both these women contended with one another to inflame my desires; the beauteous Margaret endeavoured to obviate my reserve with her licentious jests, but she was altogether my aversion, and the bashful Maria had captivated my heart for ever.

"You see, brother landlord," began the man who had brought me here, 'you see on what footing we live here with one another, and every day is the same. If you can therefore resolve to find our manner of life agreeable, become one of us, and be our leader. Hitherto I have filled that honourable station, but I will yield the place to you. Do you agree comrades?'

"A joyful yes was issued from each throat.

"My determination cost me but little. 'I'll stay with you, comrades,' called I, in a loud and resolute tone of voice, as I stepped into the midst of the gang. 'I'll stay with you,' called I again, 'on condition that you will relinquish to me my pretty neighbour.' All consented to grant my desire; and I became the captain of a band of robbers."

I pass over the remaining part of the history, the merely detestable can have nothing instructive for the reader. An unfortunate wretch who is sunk so very low as this, must at last become familiar with every vice which disgraces human nature—but he never committed a second murder, as he himself declared when put to the torture.

(To be continued.) P. 146.

A DESCRIPTION OF HAMBURGH AND BREMEN.

None of all the cities of the north being at present more intimately connected with England than Hamburgh, we flatter ourselves a short account of it will not prove uninteresting to our readers. According to Mr. Hesse, who has published an excellent description of Hamburgh, it has about 1[illegible]0,000 inhabitants. Within these few years a great number of merchants of all countries have settled there, and by their fortunes and industry greatly contributed to render its trade more extensive. The number of vessels which entered its port in the year 1804, amounted to 2148, of which 8 came from Cadiz, 117 from Amsterdam, 198 from London, 80 from Newcastle, 51 from Bourdeaux, 71 from Russia, 2 from China, and 149 from North America. The cargoes of the latter, besides a great variety of other articles, contained alone 22,258,000 pounds of coffee. Such an extensive commerce could not but have a powerful influence on the morals, customs, and the taste of its inhabitants. And we can safely aver, that the manner of living, for instance, is totally different from what it was ten years ago. Eating-houses and taverns of every description are to be met with in various parts of the city. In some of these a comfortable dinner, a bottle of wine included, may be had for twenty pence English, while in others you may dine for a louis-d'or per head, wine excluded. The feasts of the Hamburghers are uncommonly sumptuous, the tables being loaded with all the niceties of the season.—The German theatre is far from corresponding with the wealth of that city; whilst the French theatre distinguishes itself particularly by its comic operas. The orchestra is one of the best in Germany. Viotti and Giarwichi, whose great talents were justly admired by the English connoisseurs, were honoured with the

most marked distinction at Hamburgh. The play-houses are open every night during winter, except on Saturdays, when concertos are generally given.—The balls in Boselhof are extremely brilliant. Waltzes are the predominant dances. The city itself is dark, the streets being narrow, and the houses in general very high. The gates are shut early every night, a regulation which to foreigners must appear rather inconvenient, but does credit to the wisdom of the senate. It is impossible to find, or even to imagine, a more magnificent and striking view than you may enjoy in the Baumhaus, a public building, where tea, coffee, and a variety of other refreshments may be had. The new house built for the reception and education of orphans, is a most magnificent building, and justly might be denominated the palace of orphans. The manner in which the children are instructed in the old house for orphans, reflects the greatest honour on the Senate of Hamburgh, and the charitable zeal with which it is supported, is highly creditable to the inhabitants of that wealthy city. A beggar is a very uncommon phenomenon in the streets of Hamburgh.—Gloomy as the streets of the city are, the country seats of the wealthy citizens present the most charming prospects, and you need but to walk a few miles to enjoy the beauties of nature in the greatest perfection. The hospitality and complaisance shewn by the Hamburghers to strangers, scarcely can be excelled. A few respectable acquaintances suffice to enable a traveller to enjoy social pleasures of all kinds, and to procure him admittance to the most polished and elegant circles. It, indeed, cannot be denied, that the rage for gaming is uncommonly prevalent, and in many societies is almost the only amusement resorted to; but there are also many circles where more rational entertainments may be found, especially as the higher classes distinguish themselves by a great proficiency in mental accomplishments. Many merchants, for instance, possess libraries which would do honour to professed literati; and what is still more laudable, make a very good use of them.—Hamburgh contains a great number of scientific institutions and private collections of natural curiosities, amongst which that belonging to the learned senator Kirchhof, deserves particular distinction. There are at Hamburgh several public libraries, of which that which is attached to the senatorial gymnasium possesses the greatest number of valuable manuscripts. It was many years under the inspection of Professor Lichtenstein, who is honourably known as an eminent natural philosopher, and prided himself in showing to strangers every attention and civility in his power. His recal to his native country by the Duke of Brunswick, who conferred upon him a very honourable appointment at the university of Helmstaedt, is a real literary loss to Hamburgh. The Patriotic Society, which spares no expence in promoting the improvement of the sciences and the fine arts, is one of the greatest ornaments of which Hamburgh can boast. The learned Lorenz Meyer, is one of its most distinguished members. The *Vene Correspondent*, a daily paper printed at Hamburgh, under the direction of a son of the celebrated Klopstock, is the most esteemed publication of the kind on the Continent, and rivalled by none, each impression consisting of above one thousand copies. The *Precis des Evenemens Militaires*, published by Perthes, in French and German, is one of the most eminent and elaborate periodical publications on the Continent. The *Mercury of Europe*, an English paper, established last year by a Mr. Windsor, also deserves honourable mention. The extensive sale of a monthly *Musical Magazine*, proves that the Hamburghers are also zealous in encouraging the improvement of the elegant art of music. The venerable Klopstock, author of the *Messiah*, undoubtedly is the greatest literary ornament of which Hamburgh can boast. The commentary on Mr. Anderson's valuable collection of the laws of Hamburgh, published by Dr. Hasche, is a work of great utility, and should be in the hands of every foreign merchant trading, to Hamburgh. The most prevailing feature in the manners of the Hamburghers, is a divided *Anglomania*. Robberies are very uncommon, notwithstanding the great population of this city. All classes distinguish themselves by an honourable degree of patriotism, which is the natural result of good laws, easy taxes, and a wise government.

The country round Bremen is far from beautiful, though the situation of the city is highly picturesque, as it lies on the banks of the Weser, which divides it into the old and new town. The former is principally inhabited by merchants, whilst the latter consists of garden-houses and the cottages of poor mechanics. The streets of the old town are extremely narrow, but not so dark and gloomy as those of Hamburgh, the houses rarely being more than two stories high.—The general character of the Bremers is distinguished for honesty, a high degree of good nature and patriotism. Wealthy as the majority of the inhabitants of Bremen are, luxury has not yet poisoned their morals. The lower classes are, indeed, as unpolished as in most other places, and as well as at Hamburgh, exhibit a high degree of boldness and blunt energy, which rather inspire fear than confidence; but being the natural result of prosperity, are perceived with pleasure by a reflecting and benevolent mind. When the Hanoverian troops, four years ago, unexpectedly entered the city, the inhabitants of cottages

and houses promiscuously crowded to the gates, surrounding the soldiers, and viewing them fearlessly, only waiting for the permission of the Senate to oppose their intrusion. Intelligence being at length brought that the Senate had decreed the amicable admission of the strangers, the populace immediately dispersed, and repaired to their respective homes, in order to prepare refreshments for these strangers, whom they with equal alacrity would have murdered, had the assembled fathers of the city desired it. The writer of this article was present when a carter said to a serjeant, who had been abusive to him: "Hold your peace! I am a citizen, and you are only a soldier!"—The merchants and artists possess an eminent degree of scientific knowledge. A few merchants, being fond of reading, jointly bought about fifteen years since, Cook's Voyages. Having perused them, they agreed to preserve the work as common property. One of the society proposed to continue this joint purchase of books; another made the proposal that each member of their society should contribute to a small common library, to be erected for their mutual improvement, whatever useful books he could spare; whilst a third presented the society with his collection of natural curiosities. They now hired an apartment, which was to serve as a repository of their treasures; and rules and regulations for conducting their meetings, and for collecting contributions, were drawn up, &c. and the society at present possesses a select library of more than ten thousand volumes, as well as a great number of medals and philosophical instruments, a collection of natural curiosities, &c. The learned members take it by turns to read weekly lectures on historical subjects, natural philosophy, or public improvements which are intended to be introduced. The beneficent effects of this useful institution are universally felt at Bremen. Even the fair sex take a share in literary pursuits. Two professors read twice a week, every winter, public lectures on history, natural philosophy, &c. and generally have above fifty auditors, consisting chiefly of merchants and ladies. The fine arts are also very much esteemed and cultivated at Bremen, where you meet with several excellent collections of paintings, of which that of a Mr. Wilkens, a wealthy merchant, deserves particularly to be distinguished. He possesses many pieces of the most eminent artists, ancient as well as modern. Amongst the latter the productions of the pencil of Mr. Menke, a young artist, who is a native of Bremen, are particularly valuable. He was intended for the mercantile line, and had already nearly completed the term of his apprenticeship, when inspired with a sudden enthusiasm for painting, he quitted his situation abruptly. He retired into the country, and was indefatigable in copying trees and cattle, without being deterred by impending want. Wilkens, being informed of his enthusiastic predilection for the fine arts, generously gave him an asylum at his country seat, and paid all the productions of his pencil, deficient as they were, with a liberality which enabled him in a few years to go to Dresden to study the masterpieces of the gallery of that place.

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND BY HIS WIFE.

This lady composed the following vocabulary to express the character of a husband, from her own experience, and which proves how copious our language is on that article:—He is, said she, an abhorred, abominable, acrimonious, angry, arrogant, austere, awkward, barbarous, bitter, blustering, boisterous, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careless, choleric, churlish, clamorous, contumelious, crabbed, cross, currish, detestable, disagreeable, discontented, disgusting, dismal, dreadful, drowsy, dry, dull, envious, execrable, fastidious, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpish, furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, grumbling, hard-hearted, hasty, hateful, hectoring, horrid, huffish, humoursome, illiberal, ill-natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathsome, maggotty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulant, plaguy, quarrelsome, queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, spiteful, splenetic, squeamish, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, ungovernable, unpleasant, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yarring, yelping dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor will let others eat.

CAMIRE;

AN AMERICAN TALE.

[*Continued from Page* 12.]

PEDRERAS was not of a character easily to be gained over; his long experience, and the many dealings he had been concerned in, had rendered him subtle and suspicious. While listening to Maldonado, he reflected that Camire belonged to the nation of Guaranis, in whose country he had heard there were numerous gold-mines; and concluded, that it was from them our hero would derive his riches; and without shewing any reluctance at bestowing his niece on the newly converted Christian, he said, "Holy father, the interest of Spain is the only one which occupies my thoughts; I have no desire of increasing my own fortune, but my most ardent wish is to be useful to my country. Your adopted son may assist me in this project: let him guide my people to a gold mine, and my niece shall be his.

This proposal rendered Maldonado thoughtful; he, however, made Pedreras repeat the promise he had just made; and thinking that the governor could not revoke his word, he returned home and returned that answer to the youthful Guarani.

When Camire had heard the whole, his head fell on his breast, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. "Ah! my father," said he despondingly, "Angelina can never be mine on these terms. To comply with the governor's wishes, I must make known to him roads of which the Spaniards are totally ignorant; and it is on this ignorance alone that depends the security of my brethren. Shall I then be the traitor who will conduct a fierce band of executioners in the midst of my countrymen to annihilate them? No, my father; you would hate, you would despise your son; and how could I exist deprived of your esteem?"

Maldonado embraced him, warmly applauded his noble resolution, and confirmed him in the unshaken principle of always sacrificing his dearest interest, his most ardent desires, to the most rigid duty. "Our passions," said he, have an end, our interests change, but virtue never changes. At all times, and in all parts, she carefully recompences those who suffer in her cause; she consoles them, she invigorates them, makes them enjoy mild and pleasing reflections, surrounds them with veneration and esteem, attends them in the hour of death, and then takes her abode on the tomb inscribed with the name which she caused to be respected. These virtuous beings, blessed by every worthy heart, excite tears of tenderness, regret, and admiration."

Deep sighs agitated the unhappy Camire's breast, while listening to the Jesuit. Irrevocably determined never to betray his countrymen to obtain Angelina, his only alternative was to attempt to conquer his ill-fated passion: from that moment he endeavoured to avoid her with as much care as he before sought to meet her; he seldom quitted his home, and devoted his whole time to study, hoping, by occupying his mind, to be able to divert his heart. Angelina could not comprehend the cause of this great change of conduct; it at first alarmed her, and she impatiently waited for an opportunity of coming to an explanation with Camire; but seeing that he no longer paid his usual visits to her uncle, neither meeting him in the fields, nor even at the tomb of his father, vexation and anger took possession of her heart. She thought she was no longer beloved, she resolved to become equally indifferent; and chance having one day placed her at church near Camire, she affected to turn her eyes away from the unhappy Guarani, pretended even not to observe that he was by her side, and returned home without having taken the least notice of him. This was a difficult task which the gentle and affectionate Angelina had imposed on herself; but she thought that after the victory she had gained over her feelings, nothing would be impossible, and flattered herself that she should soon forget the object who then constantly occupied her thoughts.

Camire was in despair! He had sufficient courage to renounce her he loved, he had deprived himself of the sight of her; but he could not support her disdain, it had overpowered his soul; and not being able to find any relief for the torments he experienced, he sought Maldonado.

"My father!" said he, "hearken and forgive me;-I find that I cannot conquer my love. I have struggled against the dictates of my heart, I have employed all the strength with which virtue and reason inspired me; but I feel that Angelina overcomes every thing; I must leave

you, my father, I must depart. In the name of Heaven hide those tears; I shall stay with you if you weep,—I shall expire beside you. Let me return to my native woods: I shall come back again. If the project I meditate be not above the powers of a human being, I shall accomplish it, I am certain I shall; and you will see me return with a clear conscience, and one of the happiest of men. Adieu! my father, my friend, my benefactor; dry up thy tears; it is not thy son who leaves thee, it is a miserable maniac, devoured by a fatal passion which rules him at its will, which bears him far from thee, which consumes him. It cannot, however, change his affection, or the gratitude which his heart still carefully preserves, though it be no longer his own."

After having said these words, he rushed from the old man, who vainly entreated him to return; but Camire heard him not, and soon he was no longer perceptible to Maldonado's ardent gaze; who, deprived of his beloved child, now thought himself alone in the universe.

Angelina was still more to be pitied. Feeling all the pangs of a passion which she vainly struggled to overcome, she had experienced as lively a grief as Camire, and had not one friend in whose bosom she could confide her sorrows.—When she heard of his sudden flight, she accused herself with having caused it, and shed tears of anguish at the recollection of her behaviour towards him when last they had met. For some time her mind was soothed with the hope of his return; but ten months having elapsed without any news of her lover, the unhappy maiden determined, if she could obtain her uncle's permission, to pass the remainder of her days in one of the convents which were already established at the Assumption. On making her wishes known to Pedreras, he warmly seconded them; and on the same day conducted her himself to the superior of the order of St. Clare, who immediately supplied her with the dress of a novice, and yielded to the governor's request, that Angelina should take the veil at the expiration of half the usual period.

The miserable girl would willingly have hastened the time that was to shut her out from the world; the days moved on so tediously since she no longer saw Camire! She thought that when she had taken the vows, her mind would be more at ease, and that love would quit a heart which was devoted to God. She saw the wished for time approach, and experienced a momentary joy.

The evening previous to the day appointed for Angelina to quit the world, the worthy father, Maldonado, on his return from visiting the sick, had seated himself on a stone bench at the door of his dwelling. He was thinking of Camire, when he saw a man running towards him, who suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and rushed into his arms; it was he, it was his son! The poor Jesuit nearly fainted; and Camire was so exhausted with the haste he had made, that utterance was denied him; and they entered the house holding each other, but without either of them speaking. When their full hearts could breathe with more freedom, Camire said to him: "It is I, my father; you again behold your son, and he has not disgraced that title. I have neither betrayed my love nor my honour; I am, and can remain, true to my brethren and my Angelina. I am come to give up the gold-mine which the governor required of me; and this treasure is far from the road which might conduct him to my country."

Maldonado listened with transport to his adopted son, made him again repeat what he had said, determined to conceal from him Angelina's intention, and repaired instantly to Pedreras that the ceremony might be put off, to tell him of the immense riches which Camire came to place in his hands, and to ask the execution of his former promise. Pedreras renewed it with joy, wrote immediately to the convent, and by day-break set out with Maldonado, followed by a considerable escort, under the guidance of the young Guarani.

They marched the whole day, and at night slept under the trees. The next morning they continued their route among the desert mountains which spread along the province of Chili.—As they proceeded, Pedreras expressed his astonishment, as he had already caused this part of the country to be carefully searched, and no metal whatever had been found; but Camire's tranquil and confident deportment convinced him that they should now be more fortunate. Arrived beside a cave, formed by barren rocks, our hero stopped, and pointing to the entrance ordered the workmen to search: he was immediately obeyed, and Pedreras attentively followed all their motions with the eyes of avarice. Maldonado, anxious and thoughtful, put up silent prayers, the object of which were, for the first time, gold; Camire said nothing, but his expressive countenance beamed with secret joy.

When they had dug to about the depth of five or six feet, Pedreras was the first who descried the shining metal; and uttering a shout of delight, rushed forward and seized with both hands a kind of reddish earth mixed with small bits of virgin-gold. This stratum was wide and deep; and several richer were found beneath the sand which supported it. Pedreras flew to Camire, folded him in his arms, called him his nephew, and swore to him an eternal friendship. Four

mules were laden with gold, and the mine was not yet exhausted. The governor, declaring he was impatient to fulfil his promise, left a guard under the command of his lieutenant, and returned to the Assumption, accompanied by the Jesuit and his son. On their arrival, he conducted them to his palace; and when he had deposited his riches in a place of safety, repaired to the convent to give orders for his niece's removal, and to tell her that the next day she was to become the wife of Camire.

Words are too feeble to express the excess of surprise and joy which Angelina experienced. She could not help fancying it was all a dream, so unexpectedly had it occurred; but, long accustomed to implicit submission, she obeyed without asking any questions Her coarse stuff garment was thrown aside to be replaced by one of the richest silk, ornamented with gold; the bandeau was taken from her modest brow, and her long silken tresses fell in graceful curls on her shoulders. The emotions of her soul spread a lively hue on her cheek; her eyes, which she dared not raise from the ground, seemed to throw fire from beneath their long dark lashes; looking a thousand times more lovely than on the day she had been so providentially saved from the serpent, she repaired to the parlour where Pedreras had left the happy Camire alone.

On her entrance, our hero, bending one knee to the ground, said:—" Listen to me, thou best and loveliest of women! before you comply with your uncle's request, and learn the powerful motives which forced me to fly from you. To obtain your hand, Don Pedreras required that I should put him in possession of a gold mine. I knew of none but those in my native country; if I had conducted him to these, I should have devoted my brethren to the cruelty of the Spaniards. This, my Angelina, I never could have done : it is to you, I repeat it, at the moment when I behold you beaming with attractions, that I could sacrifice my love to my duty and my country. But love inspired me; I forsook my virtuous father, and returned among the Guaranis. Their land teems with gold; with their assistance, during the space of a year, I have been employed in transporting this gold to a chosen spot at an immense distance from the country where I found it; in collecting riches, not with the hope of becoming deserving of you, but at least to obtain your hand. A hundred times have I taken this long journey; and I would have repeated it a thousand times had it been necessary. Your image constantly accompanied me, and made me tremble lest my gift should not be of sufficient value ; but Pedreras has deigned to accept it; he does not know how to estimate the treasure which he bestows on me; but it is from you alone that I will to-day receive it."

Angelina listened to him with inexpressible delight. When he had concluded, she presented him her hand, but tears of joy were her only reply.

The transported Guarani conducted her immediately to her uncle's dwelling, where, the same night, at twelve o'clock, Maldonado bestowed on them the nuptial benediction. Nothing could equal the happiness they felt, unless it be that which the good Jesuit experienced. They now thought that nothing could alter their bliss, and that they were arrived at the summit of human felicity; but they were mistaken, for fate had still fresh troubles in store for them.

The governor soon quitted Camire and his bride, to visit again the gold mine, which was nearly exhausted. Such immense treasures ought to have satisfied his avarice, if it were possible to satisfy that rapacious passion; but having easily discovered that the earth, which had been searched, did not produce metal, he concluded that the Guarani was well acquainted with many extensive mines from which he had drawn this gold. Too rich, however, to dare to complain, and standing too much in awe of the Jesuit, to dare to wrest the secret which was hidden from him by unjustifiable means, he determined to adopt a different method, but which, nevertheless, conducted him to what he aimed at. He assembled the whole colony, and declared to them that he had just received orders from the King of Spain immediately to proceed in his exertions to compel the savages to submit to their government, and particularly the Guaranis. Then turning towards Camire, whom these words had greatly affected, " My nephew," said he, " it is in your hands that I place the interests of Spain; you are my adopted son, I give you the rank of my Adelantade;* and command you, in the name of his Majesty, to depart, with six hundred soldiers, to discover and reduce into subjection, the country of the Guaranis."

All the colony applauded this choice. The astonished Camire had not the power of answering their congratulations; he was, however, hailed by every one as the Adelantade. Pedreras renewed the orders he had given, and commanded him to depart before the expiration of the week.

The unhappy Camire flew with his wife to ask the advice of Maldonado.

The worthy Jesuit remained for a few moments wrapped in thought; then taking a hand of each, said, " You are in a perilous situation;

* The next post after that of governor.

Camire neither can nor ought to obey. If he refuse, he will be suspected of treachery; in taking up his defence, I shall be thought as culpable; and the governor, I fear, is capable of any thing. You have only one alternative, which is to fly this very night and seek an asylum with the Guaranis. I will follow you, my children; yes, I will, notwithstanding my advanced age. Armed with the cross, I will preach to Camire's brethren; I shall lead them to Christianity, as I have led him. In that state of innocence and peace you will always remain attached to each other; and I shall fulfil my duty, I shall serve my God, and my happiness will be equal to yours."

After having displayed the most lively marks of gratitude to Maldonado, Camire and his beloved partner immediately prepared for their departure. Our hero procured a canoe, in which, as soon as the shades of night had descended, they all three embarked. Camire skilfully managed the oars, and they rowed up the river as far as the entrance of the mountains; here they landed, and after having sunk their canoe, followed a desert path which led through a thick forest; and, after continuing their route for three days, found themselves in the midst of the Guaranis. Camire met with a truly fraternal reception; he told them what had happened to him, and what he owed the Jesuit; upon hearing of which, all the savages overwhelmed him with attentions, and instantly set to work to build him a cabin, and one also for Angelina and her husband. These habitations were erected on large trees, and were entered with the assistance of a ladder, which was afterwards removed; this precaution being necessary to insure safety from the intrusion of wild beasts and inundations. Soon established in their new abode, freed from all care and anxiety, and the troubles which men have so laboriously imposed upon themselves, dedicating their existence to love and friendship, the happy couple tasted the sweets of freedom and innocence united beneath their roof.

Beloved by that mild nation, Maldonado preached the precepts of his religion, and easily converted those simple beings who witnessed and admired his virtues.

All the Guaranis were baptized, and became willing subjects to the King of Spain, on condition that he should send among them no other missionaries than Maldonado's colleagues. The Court of Madrid acceded to this proposal, and Jesuit missionaries were selected to assist this aged priest. This treaty dispelled the fears of the Guaranis; they repaired to the Assumption, and divided themselves into several tribes, each of which built a small village, where, under the paternal authority of a Jesuit, every individual learned to cultivate the earth, and the most useful arts. The number of these tribes soon encreased; in 1734 they consisted of thirty thousand families. Every village had its Alcade, which was annually chosen by the inhabitants. The vicar watched over the execution of the laws, which were neither numerous nor severe; the greatest punishments consisted in fasting or imprisonment; and it seldom happened that there was any cause for their being inflicted; for this peaceful and innocent people had not even the idea of theft or murder, because the Jesuits did not permit any foreigners to enter their country. The small tax which the King of Spain required, was easily paid by exchanging the sugar, tobacco, and cotton, which a large portion of land, cultivated by every inhabitant, who each dedicated two days in the week to this labour, produced. The overplus of this harvest was destined for the support of the sick, the aged, and the fatherless. The young men were taught the art of war; on festivals they took from the public armoury their swords and muskets, and after having been exercised, returned them again to the armourer. Often did the invading Portuguese or Brazilians experience the effects of their discipline and their courage. The villages were filled with schools for the instruction of children in reading and writing; they were taught every useful art and trade according to the talents with which nature had endowed them; and nothing was wanting among them but luxury, vice, and poverty.

The author of this astonishing change, the young Camire, easily obtained the forgiveness of Pedreras; who, when the Guaranis left their native woods, had been put in possession of the gold mines. He continued to rule under him with wisdom, till the governor's rapaciousness being made known to the court of Madrid, he was recalled, and his nephew appointed his successor. Surrounded with affluence, Camire and Angelina did not neglect their first and best friend, the aged Maldonado, who continued to bless them with his presence and advice, and spent his declining years in happiness beneath the roof of his adopted son. E. R.

ON AVARICE.

Every person conversant in literature, has read the charming letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her husband, Ambassador at Constantinople, was a man of wit and talents. Born to a good fortune, he augmented it by a strict economy, which gradually degenerated into systematic avarice.

Mr. Montague possessed a very extensive landed property; his passion was for leaving it unincumbered to his descendants.

He had an only son, destined to be of a still more extraordinary character than his father, and who, in his early youth, having run away from school, and turned chimney-sweeper, in his mature age renounced his country, and turned mahometan. That son, as his father allowed him nothing, on that account spent the more, and contracted in a short time, debts to the amount of above a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Montagu perceiving that this disposition of his son would disappoint all his hopes, disinherited him, although he loved him sincerely.

His avarice was the governing principle of his political life. He was always determined in the part which he took in public affairs, and his conduct in Parliament, of which he was a member, by the object which he constantly kept in view, of keeping his estates up to their full value. For example, he defended with great warmth the establishment of the militia, because he regarded it as a permanent force, destined to protect his possessions from foreign invaders.

His will is a master-piece in refinement.—Having disinherited his son, he left all his estates to the second son of his daughter, the Countess of Bute. The design of this disposal was to oblige Lord and Lady Bute to save part of their income in order to leave to their eldest son a fortune proportional to that of his brother.

He had a coal mine, which annually brought in above eight thousand pounds. This he left to Lady Bute, upon condition that she bought estates with the produce, of which she was to receive the rents, but after her death, they were likewise to become the property of her second son. As this disposal appeared somewhat contrary to the laws, it was discussed, found right, and confirmed in the House of Lords. Mr. Montagu had foreseen the objection which might be made to this disposition, and had discovered the only combination which could render it legal and effectual.

It was remarked that he had never seen the young man whom he made his heir.

What reflections do not these refined combinations of an extravagant passion give rise to! Does not this excessive inquietude as to what would become of his possessions, even long after he was himself forgotten, tolerably explain the love of glory, which is however a more reasonable sentiment; for it is a desirable good to be esteemed by mankind, and the enjoyments of the imagination are as real as those of the senses. Is it not as natural to be pleased with the good opinion of those who come after us, as with that of our contemporaries who live far from us, and whom we shall never see?

Those moralists who ascribe all our actions to some motive of real utility, do not understand the human heart. This is not the place to investigate such a question, we shall confine ourselves to the sole phenomenon of avarice. Money was at first loved as a means of procuring the comforts of life; and people ended in loving money for its own sake, and in depriving themselves, in order to preserve it, of those very enjoyments which alone can make it desirable. In the same manner the chace was at first followed for the sake of the game, and afterwards for its own sake, without caring for the game.

Avarice does not appear to be derived from any natural sentiment of uncivilized man; it is, like many other passions, the produce of society. It presupposes generally an exaggerated uneasiness about the future; the savage knows only present enjoyments. He sells his hammock for a bottle of brandy, without troubling himself with what is to happen on the morrow.

We have at home a curious instance of avarice. The late Earl of Bath, just before his death, sent for his brother, General Pulteney, who was as avaricious as himself, gave him the keys of his bureau and of his strong box, and acquainted him with the immense treasures there hoarded. The General said to him: "Cannot you surrender these keys and your affairs to somebody else? I am seventy-eight years of age, I am infirm, and have no need of your treasures." "I am still older and more infirm," replied Lord Bath; "I am dying, and I am in still less need of riches than you are."

This passion is extremely varied in its causes and effects; in many men it is rather a madness (*Ardor, furor, libido*), than a passion; they gather and hoard guineas, as others do shells or medals. Chance or fancy began the collection, the more it increases the more they are attached to it; and they end by making it the sole pursuit and interest of their life.

Avarice is said to be the vilest but not the most unhappy of passions. But this opinion is contrary to that which universally prevails. The

latin word *miser*, (miserable) occasionally denoted an avaricious man, among the Romans; for instance in the *Self-tormentor* of Terence, act iii. sc. 2. "*Sed habet patrem quendam avidum, miserum, atque aridum*;" and we have adopted the name *miser*; and the Italians similarly term such a one *misero*.

Seneca says, "Many things are wanting to the indigent, the miser wants every thing." Useless to others, a burthen to himself, no means are left for him to be good for any thing but to die.

The covetous man, says Charron, is more unhappy than the poor man, as a jealous husband is more miserable than a cuckold.

Quevedo tells us that a miser is a man who knows where a treasure is hidden.

It is possible that a miser, as well as a devotee, may enjoy his privations, but to want fuel in winter, and broth in sickness, are evils nevertheless. The miser would doubtless prefer to be well lodged, well clothed, and well fed, if it cost him nothing.

What indeed is avarice? a voluntary poverty, accompanied with toil, inquietude and contempt.

Every passion in which fear predominates, can be no otherwise than vile and miserable. Avarice is particularly odious, as it excludes all natural and social affections.

Will you judge immediately in which class of vices avarice is to be placed? It is the only one which is incompatible with grandeur, benevolence, generosity, humanity, confidence, and candour; with love and true friendship, with paternal tenderness and filial affection. What virtue remains then for the miser? What happiness can a man without virtue enjoy?

It has been said that there have been illustrious villains, but no illustrious misers. This opinion is, however, contradicted by the example of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. This man coveted glory, but he still more coveted gold, and in order to satisfy this shameful cupidity, no means were too shameful for him. A person who wished to obtain a lucrative place, went to beg his assistance in procuring it. "If I obtain it," said he, "I have a thousand guineas at your Grace's service, and you may be assured I shall not mention it to any one." "Give me two thousand," answered the Duke, "and tell it, if you chuse, to all the world."

On the evening before the battle of Hochstet, Prince Eugene went into the Duke's tent, to consult with him upon the plan for the next day. As soon as he retired, the Duke scolded his servant outrageously for having lighted six wax-candles in his tent, when two would have been quite sufficient.

His avarice was universally known. Lord Peterborough, one of the bravest and most generous of men, was once accosted by a poor man begging charity, calling him my Lord Marlborough. "Me, Marlborough!" cried he, "to prove I am not him, take this." The beggar was much surprised at receiving a guinea for having mistaken a name.

I shall add another singularity. I was in my youth acquainted with a man in whom avarice was united to all the social and domestic virtues. He was a good master, a good husband, a good father, even a good friend. As a magistrate, he acted with justice and integrity. Although he was excessively parsimonious in all his personal wants, he always wished his wife to appear like other women in her station; and he spared no necessary expence for the education of his son and daughter, but he calculated this expence as closely as possible. In thirty years he never raised the leases of any of his lands, although their value was nearly doubled in that time; but he required his tenants to pay their rents exactly on the appointed days, on pain of being turned out at the expiration of their lease.

He often lent money, when he was sure of being reimbursed, but he never would take more than four per cent. interest, although he might legally have taken five. "'Tis enough," said he, "when the capital is not endangered; my lands do not bring me in so much."

One of his particular friends, whose ill-conduct in the employment of his fortune he was grieved at, had an urgent occasion to borrow 600l. He addressed himself to his friend, and made his distress known: "With your easiness, and the disorder of your affairs, I am well acquainted," says our miser, "and, therefore, I cannot in conscience lend you a sum which you are not sure of being able to return, and which I reserve for my daughter's portion." "Well!" replied the friend, "I have got my wife's diamond necklace in my pocket; she has permitted me to pawn it, but the usurer to whom I applied will not lend me the money on it for less than one and a half per cent. per month." "In this case," said the miser, "give me the necklace, I will lend you the 600l. without more than common interest. As I run no risk as to being repaid, I do not wish to receive any benefit from a service which I render to my friend, and which costs me nothing?"

I formerly met with a nobleman who was very rich, very proud, and very covetous, he wore laced and embroidered clothes, diamond rings and buckles, but burnt tallow candles at home. Every year he gave one magnificent dinner to his acquaintance, and the rest of the year his kitchen was very little used. He had made it a rule to spend only half his income;

but sometimes he took a fancy to exceed his own monthly allowance; then he turned his strong box into a pawnbroker's shop, and deposited a diamond ring, or a gold snuff-box as a pledge for the money he took, which he borrowed from himself at ten per cent. and which he faithfully replaced with interest in the following month, when he redeemed the pledges.

I also knew a young nobleman who had lost a considerable sum at play, and had no means of satisfying this debt of honour. He applied to his uncle, who was very fond of him, but was very avaricious: he was, however, so much moved with the despair of his nephew, that he lent him the money. A few months after the young lord waited on his uncle with proposals for an arrangement, by which he meant to repay the sum lent. His uncle flew into a great passion, and said to him, "O thou wretch, why comest thou to remind me of the folly I have been guilty of? I had forgotten it. If thou ever mention the subject to me again, I will never see thee more." This is certainly a stroke of avarice of a very particular stamp.

What shall we conclude from these apparently contradictory observations? That there is nothing more supple than the human heart, and that there are no affections, however dissimilar, which cannot form themselves, and continue their existence in it without disquietude.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

MR. EDITOR,

SINCE I sent you the interesting account of the effects of music on two elephants, I have met with some curious circumstances respecting those animals, which I presume will be no less acceptable to your readers; they are taken from a French journal which was published half a year before the concert was performed.

These elephants were taken from the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, at the House in the Wood, near the Hague; the place for their reception had been previously prepared: it is a spacious hall in the museum of natural history, adjoining to the national botanical garden in Paris, well aired and lighted. A stove warms it in winter, and it is divided into two apartments, which have a communication by means of a large door, which opens and shuts perpendicularly. The enclosure consists of rails made of strong and thick beams, and a second enclosure, breast-high, surrounds it, in order to keep spectators from too near an approach.

The morning after their arrival in Paris, these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first who entered was the male, (*Hans*) who seemed to go in with a degree of suspicion, after having issued with precaution from his cage. His first care was to survey the place. He examined every bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity. The large screws by which they are held together were placed on the outside; these he sought for, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he came to the partition, or gate which divides the two apartments, he found it was only fixed by an iron bar, which rose perpendicularly. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he took his breakfast quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

In the mean time the female (*Peggy*) was conducted into the first lodge. The mutual attachment of these animals was recollected, and likewise the difficulty with which they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure from the Hague, they had not seen each other; not even at Cambrai, where they passed the winter in 1797. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. *Hans* never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaning against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for *Peggy*, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, he sent forth a cry to alarm his mate.

The joy they felt on seeing each other again, was thus expressed:—When *Peggy* entered, she emitted a cry denoting the pleasure she experienced on finding herself at liberty. She did not immediately observe *Hans*, who was feeding in the inner lodge; neither was he directly aware that she was so near him; but the keeper having called him, he turned round, and on the instant the two elephants rushed into each other's embraces, and sent forth cries of joy, so animated and so loud, that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind.

The joy of *Peggy* was the most lively: she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over *Hans* with the utmost tenderness. She, in particular put her finger (the ex-

tremity of the trunk terminates in a protuberance which stretches out on the upper side in the form of a finger, and possesses in a great degree the niceness and dexterity of that useful member), into his ear, where she kept it a long time, and after having drawn it affectionately over the whole body of *Hans*, she put it tenderly into her own mouth. *Hans* did exactly the same to *Peggy*, but his pleasure was more concentrated. This he appeared to express by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

Since that time they have never been separated, and they dwell together in the same apartments. The society of these two intelligent animals, their habitudes, their mutual affection, and their natural attachment, still excited notwithstanding the privation of liberty, might furnish curious observations for the natural history of their species.

These two elephants, who are natives of Ceylon, were brought to Holland when very young. They are nearly fifteen years of age. Their height is about seven feet and a half. Their tusks, which are very short, have been broken, but they will grow again as they become older. The tail of the male hangs down to the ground; that of the female is much shorter.

The following anecdote appeared in another French journal about the middle of the year 1799.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, was extremely careful, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to desire the spectators not to give them any thing to eat. This was by no means pleasing to the elephants. *Peggy*, in particular, beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his unwelcome interference, by besprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when a great number of people were collected to view these animals, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unperceived, a small bit of bread; but the vigorous sentinel was on duty. *Peggy*, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and, the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition to the company, discharged in his face a large stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little on one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon after, he found himself obliged to repeat his notice to the spectators not to give the elephants any thing; immediately *Peggy* snatched his musket from him, twirled it round in her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it until she had twisted the barrel into the form of a screw.

The height of the elephants is said by Sparman and other travellers in the interior of Africa, to be from twelve to fifteen feet, measured to the top of the back; the female is much less than the male. They are said to live to the age of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty years even in a state of captivity.

In the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, published in 1789, is a long and very particular account of the method of catching wild elephants, by John Corse, Esq. and in the first part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, is another paper, which contains much curious information on the manners, habits, and natural history of the elephant, by the same gentleman. From these it appears that the accounts of the sagacity, modesty, and size of the elephant, have been greatly exaggerated by natural historians.

As to what relates to the modesty of these animals, we must refer to the latter paper. The author's observations are the result of many years residence in India, and from 1792 to 1797, the elephant hunters were under his direction. A few extracts from his remarks may suffice in this place.

" I have seen young elephants from one day to three years old sucking their dams, constantly with their mouths, but never saw them use their trunks, except to press the breast, which, by natural instinct, they seemed to know would make the milk flow more readily. (Aristotle says expressly, that the young elephants suck with their mouths and not with their trunks—*Aristot. Opera. Basilæ*, 1500, fol. p. 494.) So that Buffon's account was made merely from conjecture, and proves to be erroneous."

" The mode of connexion between the male and female is now ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt, and is exactly similar to the horse. The exact time an elephant goes with young is not yet known, but it cannot be less than two years, as one of them brought forth a young one twenty-one months after she was taken. This young one was thirty-five inches high, and grew four inches in as many months. Another young one was measured as soon as born, and was found to be of the same size; at a year old he was forty-six inches in height; at two years, fifty-four; three, sixty; four, sixty-five; five, seventy; six, seventy-four; and at seven years, six feet four inches. When full grown, the male elephants of India are from eight to nine feet in height, measured at the shoulder, as horses are measured; to this must be added eighteen or twenty inches, if the height be taken to the top of the curvature of the back. The female is generally a foot less. The largest elephant known in India was ten feet six inches in height, to the shoulder.

HOW TO TAME A TURBULENT HUSBAND.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

A TRADESMAN who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the pl[illegible]ere he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. "Stop," said she, "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage-contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods." "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild-boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: "My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous." In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tatlers publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old bachelor, who have been accustomed for many years to enjoy domestic order and tranquillity. My only household companions have hitherto been my dog, my cat, and an old woman. The latter of these had been servant to my mother; and from the time I was weaned till I was sent to school, she was my dry-nurse and guardian. When I grew up to man's estate, and had the misfortune to lose those relatives who dwelt in family with me, I felt a strong repugnance to wedlock; and being of a calm temperate disposition of body and mind, I left love and marriage to those folks that liked them. I resolved, therefore, to live in a recluse way, and to give old Martha, my dry-nurse, (the only human animal to whom, in the female shape, I gave a toleration of existence within my dwelling) the superintendence of my kitchen and pantry. She died some months ago; and this calamity, which I felt with all the poignant anguish that ever bereaved such a man as me of peace, has brought upon me a thousand others, that force me to lay my grievances before the world, that I may receive from this generous and feeling age an appropriate sympathy in all my bitter sorrows.

When I recovered from the affliction I suffered, by the loss of my faithful Martha, I instituted the necessary inquiries after a fit person to supply her place. This was easily found, at least I thought so, for the advertisement I put into the newspaper had not been a day published, when about half a dozen *middle aged* women made

their appearance, and produced an abundance of *characters, testificats*, and so forth. I read over, one by one, these laudatory documents; and was puzzled in my choice from among the applicants, not so much by the deficiency, as the superabundance of praise which was bestowed upon each. Every one seemed better than another; and at last, my choice was determined, by the circumstance of one of the competitors for favour having a nose resembling that of my great-grandmother, whom I had seen when I was a boy. Well, my great-grandmother's nose-likeness entered on my service, and moved through the house for eight days with great circumspection. But before a month had elapsed, I found, although she had served successively the ladies of a lord, a shoemaker, and a parson (every one of whom gave her a *written character*, as excellent as language could make it), that she was lazy, stupid, and withal had a tongue that never ceased to make the "roof and rafters dirl." This would not do for me; and I dismissed her. I had kept the names of the other persons, who also brought me *characters*, as they called them; and having discovered their respective places of abode, I sent for, and employed them the one after the other. In the space of three months I have had trial of four servants, not one of whom could either do the duties of a good servant, or refrain from the mal-practices of the very worst; yet (*O tempora! O mores!*) every one of them bore written papers in their hands, subscribed by persons of reputed respectability in town, but who, in my apprehension, deserve to be in the very worst repute as liars, impostors, at least abettors of imposture, and the friends of sinners. Yes, these written papers contained the most abominable falsehoods that ever were penned by profligacy, and conceived by jesuitical morality. This one stole—that one drank—a third did worse, &c. My fortitude forsakes me, Mr. Editor, when I think of my sad afflictions; and I must now, when language fails me, seek utterance in "expressive silence."

A BACHELOR.

P. S. I have recovered my temper so far as to be able to put one or two serious questions. Can any man or woman, of sound moral principles, reconcile to these the false assertions which they write and speak in favour of servants who are about to leave their employ? Do they not consider, that a servant is frequently the means of rendering a whole family very happy, or extremely uncomfortable? And can any honest mind think the solemn and serious declaration of an untruth, which is followed by consequences so momentous, a thing of a very light and trivial nature?

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 31.]

CHAP. XII.

History of French Fashions continued.

THIS was quite sufficient to revive the use of hoops. They did not, however, make their appearance immediately; the women were apprehensive of a blockade, and durst not all at once exhibit themselves in public with such a vast appendage. They were at first talked of, and that is something; soon afterwards the actresses began to appear in them on the stage, and set the whole female world still more agog to adopt the fashion. Fear still restrained them; the *elegantes* durst not exactly copy the actresses; they began therefore with wearing *criardes*, a kind of buckram plaited about the hips, and thus took the first step towards disfiguring the shape. It may easily be conceived that these *criardes* were thought enchanting. At length, the following summer (1715), two women of quality, under pretext of the heat of the weather and their *embonpoint*, wore hoops at home, and soon ventured to exhibit themselves in the Tuileries. They at first appeared only in the evening, and took the useful precaution of passing through the orangery, to avoid entering by the ordinary gates which were always beset with the party-coloured gentry with whose insolence they were well acquainted. They presently shewed themselves more boldly, and being followed by others of the sex, the fashion soon became so general that not a woman was seen without a hoop. Some years afterwards, as we are informed by the *Mercure de France*, the wives of mechanics, and the very servant maids, would not go to market without hoops, and they had swelled to such a size as to be three ells in circumference.

This certainly was not the era of good taste among the women of France. With paint and powder employed to an excessive degree, with frizzled hair, ridiculous head dresses and hoops, what more could be wanting to disfigure the finest woman? In 1718 Lady Mary Wortley Montague visited Paris; she was struck with the dress of the ladies, and drew this picture of it, which was not very flattering:—"I must tell you something of the French ladies. I have seen all the beauties, and such (I cannot help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled."

Such, nevertheless, was the costume of the females of the gay age of Louis XIV. and during the reign of his successor. The most barbarous head-dresses then bore the most ridiculous names; such were the head-dresses *en papillon, en chien fu, à oreilles d'épagneul, en marrons, en vergettes, en bichon*, &c.

But it was under the last of the French kings that extravagance in the head-dress was carried to the highest possible pitch. The women then wore such lofty head-dresses that they were obliged to kneel in their carriages. It is a fact which will scarcely be believed, but many women are still living who formerly submitted to this little inconvenience of the fashion, and I know some who recollect it perfectly well. I shall never forget an anecdote related to me a few years since by one of my friends. He was at La Chapelle, near Paris, with some of his acquaintance, who were preparing to set off for Versailles; they were going to a court ball, and their dress was in the highest style of elegance. My friend was extremely surprised at the manner in which these two ladies placed themselves in their carriage; the height of their feathers would not allow them to sit in it, they therefore both knelt down opposite to each other, and in this uncomfortable posture they proceeded all the way from La Chapelle to Versailles. This was at that time a very common practice.

The Queen herself set the example of these absurd dresses. She contrived for her sledge-races, says the author of the *Secret Correspondence*, a head-dress of prodigious height. Some of these head-dresses represented lofty mountains, enamelled meadows, silvery streams, thick forests, English gardens; an immense plume of feathers supported the whole edifice behind.

It was at this time that the celebrated Carlini, performing in an Italian piece before the Queen, took the liberty of putting in his hat a plume of peacock's feathers of excessive length. This plume being perfectly straight and erect, was too high for any door, which gave occasion to the harlequin to perform a thousand antics. It was intended to punish him for his presumption, but it was found that he had acted by the orders of the King, who had not even the power to lower the Queen's head dress.

Those who may be curious to make the whole round of the foolish, ridiculous, or absurd fashions of the reign of Louis XVI. need only turn over the public prints of the time, where they will find an abundant harvest of extravagances. The *Journal de Paris* then announced the new fashions. I shall here introduce only two advertisements taken at random from among a hundred others in that journal. These specimens will be sufficient to convey an idea of the taste prevailing at that period, which is not very far distant.

October 16, 1778.—"Aujourd 'hui on offre aux dames un chapeau à l'amiral. On verra chez Mademoiselle Fredin, marchande de modes, à l'écharpe d'or, rue de la Féronnerie, un chapeau sur le quel est representé un vaisseau, sans voiles, avec tous ses agrets et apparaux, ayant ses canons en batterie, et il est executé avec autant de precision que de gout."

January 1780.—"On trouve chez Mademoiselle Saint-Quentin rue de Clery, des poufs en trophée militaire: les étendarts et les timbales posés sur le devant ont un effet trés agréable."

Such was the taste when the Revolution produced an universal change. Here, therefore, I shall conclude my historical sketch of French fashions.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF MARY OF SAVOY, WIFE OF ALPHONSO, KING OF PORTUGAL.

WHILE that consummate General, Marshal Schomberg, was in Portugal, in the years 1667, 1668, the King Alphonso was married to Mary of Savoy, a princess of French extraction by the mother's side. But the King was either unwise, or savage, or both; and without believing more than half what historians have reported of him, there yet remains enough to prove, that he was defective both in mind and body. His mother had perceived his imbecility, and had destined the crown to his younger brother, Don Pedro. Alphonso remembering this, treated his brother harshly: he also treated his Queen rudely, and hereby produced a sympathy between the sufferers, which was not calculated to rest in mere commiseration. The confessor of the Queen was a Jesuit; the confessor of Don Pedro was a Jesuit also. The sway of these holy fathers was equally prevalent in politics and in religion, over the consciences of their charge; while their regard to the promotion of the power of their order was insuperable, incessant, and indefatigable. These confessors, well acquainted with the secrets of their penitents, plotted to give the state a new King, and the Queen a new husband, by raising Don Pedro to the throne. This, at length, they effected. They deceived and terrified the King's Minister, the Comte of Castelmelhor, into flight; they spread reports which alienated the minds of the people from their sovereign, who was, at length, arrested, dethroned, divorced, and his place supplied by his brother.

During the discussions necessary to bring about this revolution, the Queen was advised to consult the Duke of Schomberg, as to measures to be taken. The Jesuit confessor informed the general of the situation of things at court; but the Protestant soldier did not at once enter into the intentions of the Catholic churchman; neither eloquence nor subtilties convinced him: however, a correspondence was established between the Duke and the Queen, which, of course, was conducted with the utmost privacy. One evening, very late, the Queen received a long letter, wherein the Duke had given his advice, with full detail of particulars, on the subject entrusted to him. As the night was advanced, the Queen retired to bed, sent away her women, under pretence of certain devotions which had been enjoined her, got into bed, read the letter, and went to sleep. In the morning, before she was risen, she received notice that the King was already waiting for her in the chapel. As it was the custom to hear mass together, kneeling at the same desk, she dressed herself in all haste, yet could not arrive before the elevation of the host; she was, consequently, obliged to hear a second mass, while the King, who had performed his duty, quitted the chapel.

Scarcely had the King left the place, when the Queen recollected the letter from the Duke of Schomberg, which she had left in her bed. Terrified at the thought, she imparted her situation and heedlessness to her confessor, who was kneeling beside her. He instantly took on himself the office of securing this dangerous communication, and ran in all speed to the Queen's apartment. But, what was his confusion, when informed that the King was there!

As the confessor was not privileged to enter the Queen's sleeping apartment in her absence, he stopped a moment at the door to listen, and overheared the King walking about the room very hastily, and speaking with great warmth to the Countess of Castelmelhor, the first lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

The confessor returned with this terrific account; on which, the Queen, in great consternation, committed the business to one of her ladies in whom she confided. But, when this lady entered the chamber, she beheld the King lying along on the Queen's bed.

There remained now no resource but in the Queen herself, who must run every risk.—But the mass was not ended; and to have withdrawn before its close, would have occasioned infinite scandal. The confessor, in this extremity, advised her to feign sickness: she suddenly swooned away, and was carried to her chamber.

The King, alarmed and affected at this sight, ordered the Queen's bed to be made instantly. This was the only incident wanting to change the Queen's feigned swoon into a paroxysm of despair; she, therefore, appeared to revive a little, and, in the feeblest accents, intreated to be placed on the bed just as it was. When there, she felt all around her, and, at length, found the fatal letter which had caused her so much misery. It had not been detected, because it had remained covered by her night-clothes! She therefore recovered, by little and little, from her well-acted fainting, and her real horrors.

Such are the risks attendant on confidential communications and intrigues at Courts!

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

[*Concluded from Page* 38.]

Words are inadequate to express the astonishment which Friedbert's mother experienced at this strange metamorphosis; after shrieking aloud she made the sign of the cross, implored the Holy Virgin and all the saints in paradise. As she had never heard of Leda, genii, or sylphs, she had no idea of supernatural beings, and partook greatly of the ignorance in which her country was involved during that dark age. She thought the lovely Calista was no other than a witch, or perhaps the devil himself, and her dear Friedbert was no longer, in her opinion, any other than a vile magician. She bitterly lamented that he had not died, like a good Christian, in the wars, before he had suffered himself to be entrammelled in the net of satan and his sorcery.

Poor Friedbert, however, was not sufficiently skilled in the art of divination to have foreseen the fatal catastrophe which had taken place during his absence. On his return in the evening he flew to the apartment where he thought to find his charming bride; but instead of what he expected, he was welcomed, on opening the door, by a volley of curses from his mother, accompanied with a torrent of abuse and reproach.

He soon learned what had happened, and his despair and rage had no bounds; his first paroxysm of passion was so violent, that his mother might have become its victim if she had not given the alarm by her loud cries, and called up all the servants, who succeeded at length in disarming this new Orlando.

When the first violence of passion was abated, more peaceful explanations were resorted to. Friedbert exerted all his power to exculpate himself from the imputation of magic or sorcery, and the design of giving his mother for a daughter-in-law, a devil in the shape of an angel. He related to her the whole of his adventures with Calista, and revealed likewise the mystery of the plumage; but this in the good woman's opinion, who understood nothing of the Grecian mythology, did not free him from her suspicions, and if she did not proceed to have him tried by the law, he owed it only to some remains of maternal affection.

In the mean time this strange adventure gave rise to a thousand conjectures in the little town of Eglisau, and if Friedbert had been less young, or less handsome, he would soon have been condemned for sorcery, and that on much better grounds than many others. In despair at the loss of Calista, whom he tenderly loved, our young soldier found himself in a most unpleasant dilemma, and knew not how to act; to lose an amiable woman on the eve of his marriage, might be compared to suffering shipwreck in sight of the wished for harbour. If the object of his attachment had been snatched from his arms by death, or by a rival, or if a barbarous father had immured her in a convent, there still would have remained some resource, either to follow her to the tomb, to destroy her ravisher, or to scale the walls of the convent; but when she chose to fly away through the window, how could he pursue her? In our days, indeed, he might have had recourse to a balloon, but in those of poor Friedbert, they had not discovered any means of traversing the aerial regions without wings.

The manner therefore by which he could overtake his fair fugitive, was to follow her by sea; and his impatience to behold her again made him deem a voyage from Eglisau to the Cyclades as almost as long and impracticable as a journey to the moon. "Ah!" exclaimed he, despairing, "how can the snail, with its slow pace, think of pursuing the butterfly, that flies from flower to flower without resting on any, and wantons at pleasure in airy space? Besides, how do I know that Calista will return to the isle of Naxos; will not the fear of being looked on in her native country as a runaway daughter, prevent her returning thither? and even if she should return, shall I be the better for it? how shall I, who am only a citizen of a small town, dare to aspire to the hand of the daughter of a prince?"

These reflections tormented him for a long time; he, however, might have spared them, if he had been acquainted with the strength of his passion, and if he had known that there is no difficulty but what love can overcome when carried to a degree of enthusiasm. An involuntary and sudden impulse made him adopt a resolution which the cold calculations of reason would never have inspired.

After selling all he possessed, and putting the money in his purse, he secretly departed to avoid his mother's loquacious adieus, mounted his horse, and galloped off with as much speed as if he had expected to reach the Cyclades that evening. He luckily recollected the route which father Bruno had taken, and repaired immediately

to Venice, where he embarked on board a Venetian galley; and after having surmounted the usual difficulties of a long navigation, arrived safe at Naxos.

Full of joy and hope, he leaped on shore and saluted the native ground of his beloved Calista; and no longer doubting that he should find her returned to her own country, his first enquiries were respecting the Princess; but no one could tell him what was become of her. They related to him the different reports which had circulated respecting her; which, when a lovely young woman suddenly disappears from the circle of her acquaintance, are seldom to her advantage.—Friedbert now, almost despairing of ever finding her again, was undecided whether to return to his hermitage, and wait for her on the borders of the lake, or perform a pilgrimage to the source of the Nile, certain that the wish of remaining young and beautiful would induce her to visit these places.

He had not yet determined on any plan, when he heard that Prince Isidor, of Paphos, a vassal of the sovereign of the Cyclades, was arrived at Naxos, to marry the Princess Irene, Calista's eldest sister. Splendid preparations were making for the celebration of their nuptials, and a tournament was to conclude them. This news renewed the warlike ardour of our Suabian hero; and tho' grievously tormented by vexation and disappointment, he resolved to take a part in this, to relieve his mind, especially as all foreign knights were invited to it, by heralds who proclaimed it through the whole city. Friedbert's want of birth prohibited him from sharing in these amusements in his own country, where, if he had presented himself as a citizen of Eglisau, he would have suffered the disgrace of being conducted out of the barriers; but at Naxos, protected by a well-filled purse, it was easy for him to assume the prerogatives of an illustrious knight; he therefore resolved to support this character with all becoming dignity. He procured a suit of white armour, purchased a handsome horse, richly caparisoned; and on the day of the tournament, his noble appearance gave him free access within the barrier. On his entrance he gracefully bowed to the assembly, and challenged the bravest champions, split many lances, stood firm in his saddle, and at length gained the prize, which he received from the hands of the bride.

He had likewise the honour of kissing the hand of the once lovely Zoe, who, according to the etiquette of courts, still preserved her titular honours. The ravages of time, and the want of the bath, had made a deep impression on the features of the good lady: she was no longer as Bruno had described her, the perfection of beauty; and the fair Zoe could now only have served Apelles as a model for the head of an old woman.

He introduced himself to her, as Bruno had done, under the title of an Italian knight. Whether Zoe felt any tender recollections allied to this country and title, or had already observed the ring, which was once hers, the beautiful ruby of which, in the shape of a heart, glistened on his finger, she certainly gave him a very flattering reception, and seemed particularly to distinguish him.

When the festivities and games in celebration of the marriage had concluded, and the Princess Zoe had quitted the court, to retire to the peaceful seat of her own palace, Friedbert obtained access to this retreat, where a select party only were ever admitted, and was honoured with marks of a truly maternal affection.

One day, as she walked with him beneath the pleasant shades of her park, she led him to a solitary grove, and thus addressed him:—"I have a request to make which, I hope, you will not refuse. Tell me how you came in possession of that ring, which is on your right hand; it once belonged to me, but I lost it without knowing where or when, and I feel a great curiosity to know how it came into your hands?"

"Noble lady," replied the artful Suabian, "I won this ring in combat, in an honourable manner, from a brave knight of my own country; but I am unable to inform you whether he gained it from a warrior, or received it from a fair lady."

"What would you do," continued Zoe, "were I to request you to restore it to me? A valiant knight will not refuse a lady such a boon. However, I do not require you to bestow gratuitously a jewel which I have no doubt your valour has well deserved, but wish you to receive from me a reward proportionate to the value you attach to it. Moreover, in yielding it to me, you will have an everlasting claim on my gratitude."

Friedbert was not embarrassed at this proposal; on the contrary, he exulted at the success of his design. "Your wishes, virtuous Princess," said he, "are to me the most sacred laws; my fortune and life are at your disposal, but do not require me to violate a sacred oath When in combat I gained this ring, I solemnly vowed that it should never quit my hand but to be placed on the finger of a bride, at the moment I pledged my faith to her at the altar. If through your means I have the happiness of gaining the affections of a fair maid, I shall willingly allow you to receive again from her this ring, which was once in your possession."

"Well," replied Zoe, "select then from amongst my court, the fair one who shall strike your fancy, and you shall receive her from me, with a rich dowry, on condition that she gives me the ring, which you shall have placed on her finger; and as to yourself, I will raise you to the first dignities of the state."

This treaty was no sooner concluded, than the Princess's palace was transformed into an harem. She selected for her service the most fascinating females, and clothed them in the most magnificent dresses to heighten their natural charms.

Friedbert swam for some time in a stream of pleasure, without, however, being carried away by the current. Amidst the tumult of this brilliant court, and all the bewitching charms of the sex, notwithstanding the song and the dance, grief still shaded his countenance; though these lovely Grecians displayed their charms to gain his heart, yet that heart remained equally cold and insensible to all. The Princess little expected to meet with so much indifference, in so young a man. She had herself, it is true, ever followed the system of her wise compatriot, Plato; but in Friedbert she could only observe the principles of a severe stoic; which, while they excited her astonishment, left her but little hope of recovering her jewel.

Some months passed in this manner; but the Princess, impatient to gain possession of her ring, wished to have another interview with her knight, as she called Friedbert, for the purpose of questioning him on the state of his heart. On the day, therefore, consecrated to celebrate the return of spring, all the young maidens of the court, ornamented with garlands of flowers, had begun the merry dance, when Zoe discovered our hero alone, sitting mournfully in an arbour, deep in thought, and scattering about some wild flowers which he had just gathered.

"Cold and insensible knight!" said she, "has new-born nature so few attractions for your mind, that you feel a melancholy satisfaction in destroying her precious gifts, and thus profaning the feast of Flora? Is your heart so indifferent to all soft affections, that neither the fresh and beautiful flowers of my garden, nor the youthful charms of the females of my court, can make any impression on it? Why remain in this solitary spot, when mirth invites you to the saloon? Is an unfortunate passion the cause of your sorrow? Reveal to me the secret with confidence. I am and would wish to be your friend and protectress; let me then dispel your melancholy?"

"Wise Princess," replied Friedbert, "I confess that your suppositions are true; you have penetrated into the inmost recesses of my heart. I confess that a hidden flame consumes it, and I know not whether I may nourish it with hope or abandon myself to despair. Yes, my heart is inaccessible to all the nymphs who here celebrate the feast of Flora: the heavenly creature who has robbed me of it, is not among the joyful group: yet it is in your palace that I have beheld her. Alas! perhaps, she was only the production of the painter's ardent fancy; though, surely such a master-piece could only be the work of a divinity! He must certainly have had a model; and the all-powerful being who formed these charming nymphs and lovely flowers, has combined all their beauties to create the original of this painting!"

The Princess felt much impatience and curiosity to know what picture in her gallery had produced so surprising an effect on the young knight. "Come," said she, "let me see if it be not a trick which love has played upon you, and given you a cloud to embrace instead of a goddess; or if, for once, he has acted fairly, in displaying to your view an object which it is not in your power to obtain."

Zoe had a fine collection of paintings, some of which were *chefs-d'œuvre* of the most celebrated artists, the rest were family portraits. Among the last were many of the most renowned beauties of ancient and modern Greece; and among the number were many representations of herself, adorned in all the charms of youth and loveliness, which she once possessed, when she performed her annual voyages to the fairy baths. A slight emotion of that vanity which, in every age, preserves its empire over the female breast, inspired her with the idea that it might be one of these pictures which had taken such firm hold of Friedbert's imagination. She already, in anticipation, felt a secret pleasure in saying to him—"My friend, it is myself whom you love; but as I no longer resemble this picture, you must suppress your passion, and aspire to a less ideal object."

But Friedbert well knew that his flame was not merely the painter's fancy, and that the original possessed even more beauty than he had been able to catch in the picture; yet he was still ignorant as to the abode of this original, or how he should be able to discover it. On entering the gallery, he rushed with all the ardour of the most impassioned adorer towards this beloved portrait, and falling on his knees, his hands extended towards it, he exclaimed:—"This is the goddess I adore! wise princess, you are now going to pronounce my sentence of life or death! If I am deceived by a chimerical affection I shall expire at your feet; but if this divine object exist, if she be known to you, Oh! tell me what country contains this treasure, and

I will fly and seek her wherever she is to be found, and endeavour to deserve her by the strength of my affection."

The Princess, having expected a very different choice, was much embarrassed; a shade of dissatisfaction clouded her brow, and the pleasing smile which had played on her face was converted into a frown. "Imprudent youth," said she, "how have you presumed to engage your heart without knowing whether the object that inflamed it has ever existed? However, learn that in the present instance it has not entirely led you astray. This lady is neither imaginary, nor the monument of a beauty of former times; it is the Princess Calista, my youngest daughter. Alas! she was my favourite girl, but is now the very child of misery, and can never be yours, for her heart is no longer her own. A devouring and unextinguishable passion burns in her bosom for a wretch separated from her by an immense tract of land! She had resolution enough to escape from his deceitful snares; but, like a bird that drags after it part of the net from which it has escaped, she passionately loves him, though she has fled from him, and weeps her misfortunes in the solitude of a cloister, despising herself for her foolish affection, and yet not able to renounce it, or to think of any thing else."

Friedbert, though internally transported with joy at having discovered Calista's retreat, and at being able to flatter himself that he was beloved by her, had still sufficient command of himself to express nothing more than astonishment at the Princess's relation. The indignation the fair maid felt at his conduct, and the contempt Zoe expressed for the object of her daughter's passion, did not make him very uneasy, as by dint of deceiving others, with regard to his birth, he had now almost deceived himself; and the Princess Zoe's knight appeared to him very well qualified to obtain her daughter's hand. He continued to interrogate Zoe respecting the circumstances attending the young Calista's amour with an air of interest which was not feigned, as his curiosity had been. She satisfied him as well as she could, without revealing the secret of the swans; which was thought, in the families who possessed it, as important as the philosopher's stone, or free-masonry; but she composed extempore an allegorical story, which answered her purpose.

"Calista," she said, "was walking one evening with her sisters, on the shores of the sea, when imprudently they had the curiosity of going beyond the bounds I had prescribed to them, through places which were quite unknown to them, and where a Corsair lay at anchor. My unsuspecting girls had no idea of the danger that awaited them, when one of the pirates suddenly darted from behind a thicket, and seized poor Calista, who had loitered behind to search for an ornament which she had dropped. He bore her in his arms to the vessel, and conveyed her to his own country. He was young and handsome, and as he employed every art to inspire her with affection, it is not strange that he should have succeeded with an inexperienced maid, who, forgetting her birth, was on the point of bestowing her hand on her seducer; when happy chance made her discover, among the effects of her lover, the precious jewel which she was seeking when he carried her off, and which he had doubtless previously found, and purposely concealed to draw her into the snare, and separate her from her sisters. She felt so indignant at this artifice, that she thought, in the first moment of rage, she should never love him more. A vessel from this country having arrived on the shores where she resided, the love of her home, the idea of her mother's grief, the voice of reason, all helped to increase her resentment, and determined her to escape from the captivity in which she had been held. To effect her intentions was not very difficult, as her lover, confiding in the affection with which he had inspired her, scarcely watched her motions. She escaped. But alas! the unhappy passion which had taken possession of her heart, has pursued her to her native land. Grief daily consumes her, and renders her insensible to all the pleasures of her age; and soon will that animation which once shone in her countenance be totally extinguished. Instead of a husband she invokes the tomb, and soon her wishes will be gratified; soon will the unhappy object of your absurd passion be inclosed within its jaws."

"I then will share her fate!" exclaimed Friedbert. "My life is at my own disposal, and I will die with the lovely Calista, happy to be united with her even in the grave. You will not refuse to place my mortal remains beside her; and our souls shall together wing their flight towards eternity. But ere this happens grant me the consolation of seeing her, and of telling her that I die for her. I will even, before I quit this world, once call her my bride; in pronouncing that sacred word, I will give her this ring as a pledge of my love; in doing which I shall be freed from my vow, and you will soon again possess your valuable jewel."

The knight's warmth affected Zoe so much that her eyes were filled with tears; and she could not have refused his request, independent of the desire she had of recovering her ring; yet she much feared that in the present state of Calista's heart, she would not like to receive either a visit or a present of this nature. Friedbert, however, employed all his eloquence to

persuade her that there was nothing in this request which could alarm or wound the most scrupulous delicacy. Zoe, therefore, assented to what he asked; and gave him an order, addressed to the superior of the convent, to obtain the desired interview with Calista.

Friedbert, his heart fluctuating between hope and fear, respecting the reception he should meet with, instantly departed.

It was evident, however, from what Zoe had told him, that she still loved him.

His heart beat violently when he entered the cell which inclosed his beloved. She was sitting on a sofa opposite the door; her fine hair, negligently fastened with a blue ribbond, floated in ringlets on her shoulders, her head reclined on her arm, and her countenance was expressive of the deepest grief. She did not immediately notice his entrance, nor till Friedbert threw himself at her feet, had she any idea of his being a more important messenger, than such as her mother usually sent to inquire after her health; but she slowly raised her eyes, and instantly recognized the prostrate stranger.

She started with surprise; he attempted to seize her hand, but was repulsed with marks of indignation. "Leave me, treacherous man!" she exclaimed, "it is enough to have been once your dupe and victim. You shall not deceive me again with your feigned virtues!"

As Friedbert had expected these reproaches, he did not feel disconcerted; and began to probe the lovely Calista's heart, by attributing all the faults he had committed to the violence of his passion. This expedient seldom fails even when the offence is more serious than the theft he had committed, especially when there is love in the case. Every argument which Friedbert made use of weakened Calista's resentment; and he at length pleaded so successfully that he completely gained his cause, and no longer had to apprehend her escaping from him, either by the door or through the window. She quietly resumed her seat on the sofa, and allowed him to take one of her hands, while with the other she covered her beautiful eyes, from whence tears copiously flowed, which were not however those of grief.

Friedbert, still at her feet, swore that he would have sought her through the world; and his voyage from Suabia to the Cyclades was sufficient to prove that he told the truth. This assurance not only gained him his pardon, but a confession that their love was reciprocal; and they each vowed to unite their hands and hearts, and never more to separate.

This arduous victory obtained, threw the happy Friedbert into such transports of love and joy, that we shall not attempt to describe them. He hastened to return to the palace with the fair Princess whose favour he had regained. Zoe was struck with astonishment when she beheld the serene countenance of her daughter Calista, from whose features melancholy and grief had fled; but it increased still more when she learned that her heart also was changed, and that it now belonged to the gallant knight.

The imputation of being a magician was about to be cast a second time upon Friedbert, especially when Zoe was informed that they only awaited her consent to become united. Whatever predilection she might feel for the youth, and however strong her wish of being put in possession of her ring, yet she was not sufficiently blinded by these considerations to assent to an improper alliance; she, therefore, required of the knight to prove his nobility.

Though it would not have been more difficult to forge such credentials at Naxos than elsewhere, he preferred to these false titles, those of love and valour. "Love," he said, "levels all ranks and distinctions; and my sword and my lance will ever enable me to support and prove the honour of my birth." Zoe had no reply to such weighty reasons, urged likewise by the choice of the fair Calista, who declared aloud that she was perfectly satisfied with him; in such a case a prudent mother must appear equally so. She thought, besides, that the knight, whatever might be his rank, was at least preferable to the little citizen of Suabia, or a convent. Calista gave her happy lover the title of Tetrach of Suabia, and he soon conducted her to the altar, and placed on her finger the ring which was afterwards restored to the impatient mother. The new Tetrach related to Zoe the whole story of the ring.

Mutual confidence now took place; Zoe confessed that she had designedly left the ring and glove beside the Lake of Swans; adding, that Bruno had well understood her meaning, but that it was not in her power to repeat her visit, as her husband had learned, through the treachery of one of her cousins, the whole adventure of the bath, which so enraged him that he got possession of her feathers and instantly burnt that beautiful gift of nature. And the only regret which damped the happiness of Calista was, that her husband was unable to share with her the invaluable privilege of the bath. But love lengthens out the season of youth, and Friedbert preserved a long time unimpaired the blooming hue and vigour of manhood. Yet when they celebrated the twenty-fifth year of their union, the fine auburn hair of the blissful husband began to whiten, like the first snows of November that portend the approach of winter; while the lovely Calista still resembled the rose, that spreads its blushing leaves to the gale, in the smiling month of May.

R. E.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF VIENNA, AND THE MANNERS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

VIENNA has for many ages been considered as in some measure the capital of the Roman empire, and seems to have had a right to aspire at pre-eminence among European cities. It has been so enlarged, that comprehending its vast suburbs, it has justly been compared to a small bird with the wings of an eagle. In 1796 the buildings in the city alone amounted to the number of 1,397, and in the suburbs 5,102, beside a large tract of land for building on. In addition to this the gardens in the latter are very large and numerous, and the edifices occupy a great space.

From the topographical situation of this metropolis we should at first sight be authorized to believe that its temperature was very warm; it is a little towards the latitude of Orleans, but it has been remarked that the nearer a country is situated to the east, the colder it is on that account; Vienna, besides, encircled by mountains or lofty hills upon which heaps of snow and ice continue for a long time undissolved, does not experience powerful heat for more than two months in the year; and in the winter the cold is very severe. The heat is likewise moderated by very frequent, and sometimes sharp winds, to which habit has so far familiarized the inhabitants that their usual reply to the Italians, who complain of it, is become proverbial: "*Vienna o ventosa è, o venosa*;" Vienna is either windy or poisonous. Thus they say to the Lombardians, and those good Milanese who take refuge among them and abandon a mild climate, which is always the favourite of heaven.

If they suffer there less cold than in some other countries where it is more intense, it arises from their practice of cloathing themselves according to the example of their neighbours, the Poles and Hungarians, the Greeks and Turks in a pelisse at the commencement of the cold weather, which as true Germans the inhabitants wear in apartments heated with stoves.

The northern inhabitants, who find in Lombardy the summer too hot and the winter too cold, here meet with a suitable temperament in every season; if, however, it disagrees with some, it must be attributed to the frequent and violent winds. There are immense numbers who die annually in this city of consumptions. It is true this disease creeps into all great cities, but here it makes more devastation than in any other, in spite of every effort of art. Although the practice of physic is perhaps more cultivated at Vienna than in any other city of Germany, and has succeeded in snatching an infinite number of victims of pleasure from pain and death, which every thing concurs to multiply among a licentious people, greedy of frequent and substantial food; for there is reason to believe, that the syphylic disorder is more general at Vienna than even at Paris.

Next to these two scourges the most mortal disease is the small pox. In 1795 it had swept off 1,098 persons. The new method of inoculation by the vaccine, which is just introduced, bids fair for rendering this disorder less destructive.

The city has the advantage of being divided by the Danube, but this advantage is attended with its inconveniences. When the streams which descend from the mountains suddenly swell by the thaws of snow and ice, they make the river overflow and inundate the suburbs to a considerable height. It is at these times that the excellence of the police evinces itself in a striking manner. It is difficult to form an idea of all the precautions that are taken for the preservation and comfort of the families exposed to this disaster.

From the situation of this river we should be led to suppose, that many parties of pleasure are formed on it; but this is not the case, it is a species of amusement by no means common, as the advantages of this river are confined to merchandize.

Vienna is inferior in beauty to any capital in Europe. It has no exterior mark of splendour to attract the attention. The streets project in many places in the most irregular manner. Not far from the centre there is a street in the form of a bridge thrown over another (called the *Tiefe Graben*) so that travellers passing through the first often find themselves exactly above another equipage in the second; it has so very singular an appearance as to have often fixed the attention of the writer of this account. There is but one street in this metropolis which can be called superb; it is formed by a continued chain of magnificent buildings in a straight line, and is known by the name of the *Herren Strasse*.

The only promenade in this city (except that of the ramparts, which is frequented only in summer) does not extend round any place, but only along the pathway; it is called the *Graben*, and resembles the *Place de Saint Marc* in nothing but the number of unemployed persons who assemble there, the argusses of the police and the

legions of unfortunate beings who make a trade of their charms. As to the rest, though the city is daily receiving embellishments, we can predict that it will never be perfectly beautiful. The suburbs are constructed upon a better plan, and would be much more elegant if the buildings which are raised were larger, and the architecture more grand.

Most of the streets are wide, regular, and level, but they are principally inhabited by manufacturers, and a great number of labourers; these people are exposed too much to the dangerous influence of luxury, and are led by example to incur more expences than those in country towns, which are generally thinly populated, and receive the benefit of the climate, and the fertility of the soil.

The whole population of Vienna in 1795 amounted to 231,105, of which 1,231 were ecclesiastics, 3,253 nobles, 4,256 public officers, and 7,338 citizens. The mortality is by no means so excessive as we might expect in so populous a city, where every thing concurs to augment it; this we may attribute to the success of medicine, and the great care of government for the whole community, and of individuals for the diseased.

Among the establishments formed for the benefit of the public we may reckon as one of the best the great hospital, the principal direction of which is entrusted to the celebrated Franck. In 1796 about 11,860 sick persons were received into it. To this hospital has been added a pathological museum.

The hospital for lying-in women stands next in rank, which received in the same year one thousand nine hundred and four, one hundred and eleven of which died. The hospital for lunatics contained in 1795 two hundred and sixty one persons, of which there were one hundred and fifty-six males and one hundred and five females. In the following year one hundred and ninety individuals entered, and one hundred and twenty-two were discharged. The principal remedies in use are abstinence and regimen, and no person is admitted without carrying a detail of the treatment he has before received, in order that a better judgment may be formed of his condition.

There is a military hospital, and others that are attended by the religious; there is even one for the Jews, which is not less distinguished for neatness than good treatment in general.

Vienna can likewise boast an institution which is equalled by nothing but the establishments made in favour of the poor at Hamburgh, Kiel, &c. The suburbs are divided into eight districts, each of which has its surgeon, physician, and midwife, who are provided by government to attend the poor in the circle. In 1795 there were about nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty who received the benefit of this institution, four hundred and sixty-four died, and six hundred and twenty-three were sent to the hospital. This institution was found so beneficial, that in the following year the city was made to share its benefits.

We ought not to pass over an establishment something similar to the former, which is founded for the reception of children under ten years of age. In 1795 one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five children were cured, and only one hundred and thirteen died.

Among the regulations made for the preservation of health, we may mention one worthy of serving as a model to other countries (particularly at a time when great cities are continually enlarging); it is that made in May, 1796, by which all persons were forbidden to inhabit a new house, before the physician of the district had examined it, and given his opinion that it was in a proper state of dryness.

The price of provisions is more moderate than has been imagined. Hungary furnishes meat, corn, and wine in abundance, and rustrica wood, which is carried over the Danube, and seldom exported. About one hundred and fifty gardeners cultivate large kitchen gardens in the suburbs, if not with the minute economy practised in the environs of Paris, at least with much greater skill, particularly in their method of watering by a wooden shovel made for the purpose. By means of their industry herbs are very cheap, and they gain at the same time a comfortable subsistence. They are aided in their labours by the mountaineers of Stiria, who regularly come for that purpose every spring.

By this means bread, meat, and vegetables, are an abundant nourishment for the inhabitants, so that the labourer may be satisfied with a moderate salary, in a country producing all the first articles of necessity, and the principal materials of manufacture; there are but few merchandizes of Indian luxury, which are always attended with a considerable expence. The police at the same time watches with so much care over every thing that relates to the nourishment of the people, that it frequently happens, that when the officers meet with persons who have purchased meat, they weigh it again in their presence in order to ascertain the weight, and prevent deceptions.

Particular societies and private circles are so numerous, that coffee-houses cannot be much frequented; on the contrary, taverns are much resorted to; there is consequently a greater number than in any other city.

People are better accommodated at coffee-

houses than at ordinaries. Besides a great number of tables which are constantly kept open, and at any hour of the day, and even at midnight, persons may enter and take part in the conversation and entertainments free of expence.

Notwithstanding this it is remarkable, that at ten o'clock in the evening the most perfect tranquillity and silence preside in the streets, as it is a rule for every person going home after that hour to make a small compensation to the porter of the house which he inhabits. If we walk in the suburbs after ten, the calm and solitude which we observe there is truly astonishing. No individual is to be met with but the watch, and in the morning none are roused very early. Vienna in this particular offers a perfect contrast with Naples, which will bear a pleasing comparison with the former in every other respect, and is equalled by no city in Europe, not even London or Paris.

The coffee-house of Hugelman, in the suburb of *Leopolstad*, is worthy the notice of a foreigner. This house, situated between the Danube and the street where carriages pass to the promenade of the *Prater*, is so frequented by Greeks (who are very numerous at Vienna), that upon hearing their language, and observing their costume, our imaginations transport us into that spot once so famed for science and wisdom.

The government, as well as individuals, are entitled to commendation for their efforts in preventing mendicity. The orphan house in the beginning of 1797, supported about 1,479 of these unfortunate beings. But this establishment, united with that formed for the relief of the old people and fathers of families unfitted for procuring their own livelihood, has been unable to suppress this pernicious order of society so perfectly at Vienna as those at Hamburgh, Kiel, &c. which deserves the imitation of other cities.

The industry of the inhabitants, although no way comparable to that of the English, merits, however, some eulogium. Vienna and its suburbs include a great number of manufacturers, principally of silk; embroideries are no where so cheap, but their value has been diminished by the war; the proper number of labourers has failed, and the raw materials imported from Italy are become very dear. Among the articles of manufacture which have particularly succeeded, are the steel work, silk ribbands, carriages of every sort, &c. These merchandizes are however seldom exported.

The inhabitants are not much distinguished for their taste. This however does not arise from any deficiency in the means of solid instruction. They have opportunities to receive lessons in the arts even gratis.

The academy of arts is divided into seven classes, each of which has its particular professor. There is one for subjects relative to manufactures; others are appointed for historical painting, for landscape drawing, for sculpture, architecture, casting of metals and engraving. Every class contains a considerable number of scholars.

Every week during the summer season the professor for landscape drawing makes an excursion with his pupils, in order to exercise them in drawing after nature.

Many of these professors enjoy a just celebrity. The gallery of the Prince de Lichtenstein and that of the Belvedere are superb.

The art of gardening has continued to receive improvements for many years, to an extent unequalled in any place except England. The gardens are laid out with great taste near the city and suburbs.

Music is very much cultivated here, as may be fairly concluded from the number of illustrious composers who have adorned this city; among whom may be reckoned Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, and others. The two former are dead, but the latter is still living. An attachment to this fine art has extended to the lower classes, who apply to it almost to a fatiguing excess. In many private circles they never meet without a concert.

The German theatre at Vienna has always been held in great repute, and for a long time has been considered the best in Germany. The lively Italian operas are very well performed. Almost all the suburbs have their distinct theatre. That of Casperl excels in the low comic; that of Schicaneder has been remarkable for its successful representation of the Magic Flute by Mozart, and similar performances. The taste of the inhabitants for ballads arose from the excellent dancing at the great theatre.

Literature does not flourish in this city. Whatever title the Germans have to the appellation of a learned nation, the inhabitants of Vienna and the north of Germany can have no share in the honour. With the exception of Petersburgh and Rome, no city contains so large a collection of useless books. It has, however, a great university, and a superb library of MSS. and works purely literary and scientific. Individuals may, however, be found whose erudition equals that of any persons in Europe; but they are as it were a privileged order. The pre-eminence of science is difficult to be obtained here, as an individual is exposed to every species of examination, disappointment, and chicanery foreign to learning.

[*To be continued.*]

A DREAM ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

I DREAMT I had died. Seeing the body from which my soul had departed lay on the bed, I was as little affected as a player is when he beholds the dress in which he acted a prince. I should be very sorry if any of my readers should contradict me in this assertion, or interrupt me in the very beginning of my narrative, by denying that it is impossible a soul could remain so indifferent at the sight of her inanimate body. Those that know me will easily comprehend that it is not improbable my soul could. I was born and educated in a small town, in which there were no young gentlemen, except the son of the justice of peace, and the town-clerk. Therefore I had not many examples before me which could have seduced my soul to bestow her principal care upon her body; not to mention that my body was by no means calculated to inspire me with thoughts of vanity, or to tempt me to bestow extraordinary care upon it. I appeal, for the confirmation of the truth of this assertion, to the taste of my late wife, who, in the course of her life, knew many bodies that seemed to appear to her by far more charming and elegant than my person. I demand therefore that my readers at least should believe my wife, if my individual testimony should be suspected. The judgment of ladies, like my late wife, may safely be relied upon in matters relative to human bodies and faces; as for subjects which concern the understanding, I am willing to admit that some satisfactory proofs may be required. This short digression was the more necessary the more desirous an historian naturally is that his account should not be suspected. I expect therefore that my readers should entertain no further doubts of the indifference of my soul towards her body.

As soon as I saw my inanimate body lay before me I flew to my writing desk. "I thought you would! (Chloris will exclaim,) I thought you would. These pedantic authors constantly reproach us for our predilection for the toilet, whilst they, in their study, betray the same weakness which we scarcely are guilty of before our toilet. They commit more acts of vanity by means of their pens than we do through the medium of our rouge-boxes, curling-irons, and band-boxes. In their writings they admire their supposed genius and literary excellence more frequently, and with less certainty, than we admire our charms in the looking glass. Their infatuation, their pride, their desire of being admired, their jealousy——." Dear Chloris, I admit the truth of your observations; but be so good as to let me proceed. On my writing desk lay a sketch of a work which I had committed to paper the preceding night. I was going to seize a pen with that ardour so natural to myself and many more literary men, in order to complete that important work for the benefit of my critical brethren. But how great was my terror, when my disembodied soul was not capable of lifting up the pen, and much less of writing! I cannot express the terror which seized me, and am perfectly assured, that a like anxiety is felt by no one else but by a poet who haunts after a rhyme without being able to find it. Seven times, and again seven times did I attempt to write; but in vain. I wanted to consult an Encyclopædia which frequently had been essentially useful to me in my literary compositions; but this satisfaction too was denied me. I wrung my hands, lamenting the irreparable loss which my publisher, my country, and posterity would sustain; nay, I should add, that I pitied myself, were it the custom of the learned to be so open respecting this point. In short, I saw that my whole literary existence was at an end, because I was deprived of the power of writing. The only thing I could do, to console myself in some degree, was to fly to my book case, and to survey, with paternal tenderness, all the books which owed their existence to my indefatigable fingers. Whilst I contemplated them, I was as pleased and enraptured as parents are, who, indeed, have no longer the power of begetting children, but in those to whom they have given existence, behold more mental accomplishments and abilities than any one else would be able to discover.

I should, perhaps, have continued a considerable time longer in that posture, had I not, in my dream, observed the joyous terror with which my impatient heirs were seized at the sight of my corpse. They flew to my bed with as much avidity as though they were going to divide a booty." "Is he dead?" exclaimed they. "Yes! at length, he is actually dead! Make haste, and send for the undertaker!" cried a nephew of mine, and was joined by one of my nieces, who by my death expected to inherit all those accomplishments which certain solid lovers hitherto had missed in her, whence, to her vexation, they had not robbed her of her liberty. That niece shed a torrent of tears, and by her unexpected affliction would have perplexed me very

much had she not abruptly raised her hands, and groaned aloud:—"That honest soul of an uncle! God bless him! he is happy! we will not envy him his happiness!" This was the signal for general plunder. My strong box had to sustain the first assault. My clothes and furniture shared the same fate. They carried every thing into a chamber which they proposed should be sealed up by a certain gentleman whose name I do not recollect, but who was declared to be an honest and respectable man, because he carried a large seal, and was attended by two witnesses. Thus far I had been a patient observer of the proceedings of my heirs, but began to tremble when I saw that my papers were to be attacked likewise. They were examined with the most scrupulous care. All papers which began, *I promise to pay*, &c. were treated with religious regard, and carefully put by; but a few others which commenced with the words, *Bought of*, &c. caused them to shake their heads. They at last assailed my literary manuscripts, which rendered me furious. I flew, in despair, to defend them; but, probably, should not have succeeded, if the son of my sister, a master of arts, had not assisted me undesignedly, by throwing the whole bundle underneath the table, protesting they were waste-paper. The dunce! Preparations were now made for my interment, which was forwarded with astonishing dispatch; and as soon as the tailor and mantuamaker had finished the usual badges of mourning and affliction, no money was spared to remove my corpse without further delay. My body was carried to the church, attended by a numerous train of mourners, and all ceremonies which usually are observed on the interment of those who are justly regretted in death, and leave ample property behind them, were performed with the strictest decorum and exactness. At last appeared in the pulpit an orator, whom my heirs had rendered sensible of all my virtues by means of a sealed paper which appeared rather heavy. Satisfied as I always was with myself during the whole course of my life, I was nevertheless doubtful whether I really was the identical person of whom he spoke in his funeral sermon. I surveyed the whole church, imagining I should perhaps discover another corpse, to whom the panegyrics of the orator related, but could not descry any, and now perceived that they must apply to myself. He called me a great, celebrated, and learned man, a patron of the sciences, his Mæcenas; and against this I had not much to object, as it was not too much for twelve ducats. He lavished more than twenty tropes to depict the sorrows which my heirs felt at the untimely death of their excellent relation; and the former, from gratitude, were so modest as to conceal their faces with the crape, lest they should give him the lie. He gave them several pious directions how to stop the torrent of their tears; but these the good man might well have spared. I listened, however, with great patience to his discourse. But at length he went too far. He protested with such violence, that he grew quite red in the face; I say, he protested that I had been a man of great erudition, but of still greater humanity, a zealous promoter of the arts and sciences, but by far a more zealous and strenuous protector of widows and orphans. He added, my happy marriage had been a visible reward of these rare virtues. "Appear!" exclaimed he, "come forth from your tomb, ye decayed bones of the late amiable and excellent Mrs. ——." Heavens! how did I tremble when I heard him call upon my late wife! I fled without looking back. I fled out of the church.

Apprehending that my gentle consort would obey the invocation, I soared aloft, when I descried a great number of departed souls, some of whom were known to me, and others not. This unexpected sight astonished me. Surprize made me gaze at them with eyes wide open, as an owner of a chandler's shop in a small country town would stare at the exchange at Hamburgh on seeing it the first time. I should never have expected to meet at that place with such a numerous society of departed spirits. All their occupations appeared singular and uncommon to me. I was curious, and yet irresolute. I knew not whither I should turn myself, but nevertheless had not sufficient courage to apply to one of them to remove my doubts.

A very lively spirit, resembling very much the soul of our young men of fashion, was the first who noticed my perplexity. We were perfect strangers to one another, but he was so complaisant as to fly towards me, protesting a thousand times upon his honour and soul, that he should deem himself superlatively happy in rendering me any service in his power, assuring me that his offer was not intended to be a mere compliment. He shook me by the hand till it began to ache, repeating his proffers of friendship again and again, and I was just going to avail myself of his kind offer, when he turned himself round on his heel, whistling a tune, and flying to another spirit to offer his services in a similar manner.

This incident considerably encreased my confusion. I had not the courage to apply for information, for fear I should a second time fall into the hands of an officious young gentleman.

While I was yet undetermined what I should do, I observed within a small distance a soul who seemed to be an attentive observer of every thing that was doing in that spot. I could clearly

see that something more important than mere curiosity was the cause of the attention I perceived in that soul. His countenance appeared, at times, extremely serious; but at intervals I descried an expression of ridicule in his looks, and when he smiled I could plainly discern traces of compassion in his face. I should, on this account, have been tempted to take him for the departed spirit of the author of the English Spectator, had his face been shorter and broader: however, I took courage to accost him, and having disclosed my wishes, saw that he was pleased with my enquiries. He shook my hand good naturedly, and said, I will gratify your desire. Since I have parted from my body, I always found the greatest pleasure in observing the actions of departed souls. My occupations, when alive, were of a similar nature. I aimed in my writings to convince my fellow-citizens of their errors, and to direct them to the road to happiness. Follow me, you will learn every thing that can be useful to you. I requested this spirit to tell me his name, which he did, after I had promised to keep it a profound secret. My readers must excuse me for keeping my promise. The departed souls are a little more conscientious with regard to this point than lovers.

I descried, within a short distance from the spot where we were, a numerous concourse of souls, and the noise which they made tempted me to go nearer. My conductor, at first, cautioned me, asserting that I ran the risk of receiving blows in the throng. But I was determined to run the risk, and requested him to attend me. I will accompany you, said he at length, but first tell me whether you are a poet? This question hurt me more than I can express, and I would have severely resented it had it been put to me when alive. I became painfully sensible of the loss of my writings, which I had left behind me, and was silly enough to resolve to return to my study, and to fetch some printed proofs. I hinted it to my conductor; but his countenance grew at once so serious that I was ashamed of my being an author; therefore I told him in timid accents that I, when alive, had not been an enemy to poetry. This is very well, replied he: I put this question to you, because you must possess some knowledge of the disposition and the extravagancies of poets, if you are desirous of visiting that spot with advantage. You will see singular objects. It should seem that the order of nature is totally reversed in that place, and you will find that all the actions that will occur to your observation are widely different from what they naturally used to be, because the poets do not think as they naturally ought to do. The whole district, continued he, is put in motion by a soul, who, when alive, distinguished itself by the most ridiculous conduct. Its whole appearance is more like a dream than reality, because it was in life chiefly occupied with the most fanciful reveries. It had, in the nether world, very erroneous conceptions of the laudable zeal with which worthy men endeavoured to promote refinement of taste. What these obtained by science and modesty, that soul vainly strove to procure by clamour and impetuosity.

My leader was going to enlarge upon this subject, but my curiosity rendered me so impatient, that I took him by the hand, and pressed through the crowd. I beheld, upon a high stage, a soul in the pompous attire of a mountebank, for whom I should have taken it, had not my conductor apprized me that he was a charlatan of good taste. He had erected his stage on an elevated spot, whence he could overlook the assembled multitude, and be seen by every one. The architecture of the stage was, however, in a Gothic style, and rather absurd, and the ornaments did not correspond with each other.—Some pieces consisted in carvings, which appeared extremely sumptuous, and executed with uncommon skill. My conductor assured me that the charlatan had stolen them out of old temples, where they had been preserved as remarkable relics of Roman and Greek architecture. He added, they had been carried off by some of his associates, whom he had purposely kept at London and Paris, and that he now was so impudent as to pretend that they had been carved by his own hands, though he had been repeatedly convicted of the theft, and that it even had been proved to him from what places he had obtained them.

This account appeared incredible to me; for I observed that the pirated ornaments composed scarcely one-fourth of his theatre, while the three remaining parts consisted of logs of timber, of unplaned boards, and of toys with which children are wont to play. All this was patched together in a clumsy and confused manner, and threatened every moment to come to pieces. This would probably have happened, had not several persons, who appeared to wear his livery, supported it with anxious care. Their master seemed, however, totally indifferent to his precarious situation. He paced the stage with firm strides, and whenever he extolled his nostrums, spoke in such accents of confidence, that the whole structure was shaken. I never witnessed a more impudent presumption than this charlatan displayed. His face was extremely ugly and mishapen. I could, nevertheless, discover that he was painted, and vain enough to flatter himself, that he was the most charming mountebank of his time.

[*To be continued.*]

THE ANTIQUARIAN OLIO.

[*Continued from Page 43.*]

STRAND.

Close to this house was Ivy Bridge, which is described as situated in the high street, and as having had a way, or low going down, under it, stretching to the Thames, similar to Strand Bridge before spoken of. Strype represents it as being the next turning down to the water westward of Salisbury-street.

At this place Stow considers the city of Westminster as commencing. The space from Temple-Bar to Ivy Bridge being comprehended within the duchy of Lancaster. Originally, however, Thorney Island and Westminster were co-extensive, and consequently at that time Westminster came no nearer to London than the end of Gardeners-lane, King-street.

The first house in Westminster, according to Stow's division, was Durham-House, erected by Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of that see. Pennant, however, says, it was originally built by Anthony de Beck, in the reign of Edward I. On the site of this house stands the present Adelphi, and on that of the stables belonging to it, a new Exchange was built in 1608, but it has since been pulled down, and the spot covered with houses.

In the time of Henry III. William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, having among other estates given several tenements near Charing-cross to the prior of Rouncival, in the diocese of Pampelon, in Navarre, an hospital, or chapel of St. Mary, was founded on the south side of the Strand between York-Buildings and Northumberland House. In the large old map of London, engraved by Vertue, the spot where this hospital stood is pointed out, which seems to have commenced nearly opposite St. Martin's-lane, and to have reached to Scotland Yard. Near this hospital, when standing, and over against Charing-cross, was also an hermitage with a chapel.

This being the extent of the Strand towards Charing-cross on the south side, it will be necessary to return again to Temple-Bar, and pursue the course on the north, or opposite side of the street to that already described; in doing which, it will be found that the buildings were neither so numerous nor so important as those on the south.

It is a remark of Strype's, that in former times there was not, as now, a continued street of buildings between London and Westminster, but much vacant space of fields and open grounds between; also at that time, the way along it was often bad. From Temple Bar to the Savoy, it appears to have been paved about 1385, but the paving went no further than the Savoy till the latter part of Elizabeth's reign; and it also appears at that time not to have been completely inhabited; before this time the few houses that existed there were, probably, in general either inns for the accommodation of such persons as were brought from the country on business depending before the courts of law at Westminster, or else cottages, with a small portion of ground. In the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, or in the former part of that of her successor, it appears to have been considered as an elegant situation. Ben Jonson, in his comedy of *Epicœne*; *or, the Silent Woman*, act i. sc. iv. introduces *Sir Amorous La Foole* as commending Clerimonte's lodging, by telling him it would be as delicate a lodging as his own if it were but in the Strand.

As the line of the main street of the Strand is intended to be here followed, the first object which in that direction merits attention, is the parish church of St. Clement Danes, which, though rebuilt, is, in point of foundation, of great antiquity. The body of Harold, bastard son of Canute, after it had been interred at Westminster, and by the order of Hardicanute, Canute's successor, taken up and thrown into the Thames, was found by some fishermen, and at length deposited here, for which reason, as some say, it was called St. Clement Danes, Harold having been one of our Danish Kings. Some have related that it obtained that appellation on account of a massacre of the Danes, which took place here in the time of King Ethelred, in revenge for their cruelty to the Monks of Chertsey, and just as the Danes were meditating their return to their own country. From the church of St. Clement Danes to Exeter Change, no building of any antiquity occurs to be noticed. The site of this last was, however, originally a part of Covent-Garden, so called corruptly, instead of Convent Garden, as having been the garden to a convent, or monastery.

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, was, as its name imports, not surrounded, as at present, by a multiplicity of buildings, and situated in a street, but it actually stood in the open fields. St. Martin's-lane leading up to it, though since converted into a regular street, was also at that time nothing

more than a country lane, probably with a hedge on one, or both sides of it.

KING'S MEWS.

Next occured the Mews, so called because the King's falcons were there kept by the King's falconer. Of this term, now so common, few persons, it is supposed, know the exact meaning, it may be necessary to mention, therefore, that Du Fresne, in his glossary, explaining the latin word *Muta*, says it is a disease to which hawks are subject, that the French call it *La Mue*; that the hawks change or mute their feathers every year, and that then they are so frequently sick as to be in danger of dying.

Till the reign of Henry VIII. this building continued to be used for its original purpose, but in 1534, the King's stables at Bloomsbury, or Lomesbury, as it was then called, having been accidentally burnt, the house called the Mews, near Charing-cross, was rebuilt, and in the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, converted into stabling.

CHARING-CROSS.

The site of the village of Charing, is even now unequivocally ascertained by the name of Charing-cross, which that part of the street still bears, in allusion to a cross erected there by Edward I. in the twenty-first year of his reign, in memory of its being one, and indeed the last of those spots where the body of his deservedly beloved and truly excellent Queen rested in its way to Westminster Abbey for interment. A range of houses on each side, of what is now the street, was probably at that time the whole of the village.

The cross, when standing, was of white marble, and supposed to have been pulled down about 1647. Soon after the restoration of Charles II. the present exquisitely beautiful statue of Charles I. was erected on the precise spot where the cross had originally been.

SCOTLAND YARD.

Below Charing-cross, on the left, or eastern side, was a palace for the residence of the King of Scotland when he came to Westminster to attend the Parliament, of which it seems he was considered a member, as instances occur among the records of the Tower of writs issued to summon him for that purpose. The spot still retains the appellation of Scotland Yard.

cont: page 193.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page* 46.]

LETTER VI.

WHY are you so eager in your inquiries? what I now have to say is known to every body; for what is there new in this, that in general fat people are good natured, and those who rise too high above the common size, sink often below the ordinary standard of wit. The good nature of the first proceeds from the tranquil state of their minds; their blood flowing with less rapidity than that of others, and increasing the weight of flesh which buries the powers of their souls. As to those unproportionably tall, it often happens that they are not only deprived of wit, but of strength and activity; for whenever nature extends her limits on the one side, she narrows them on the other. When she raises up a structure which towers on high, she has exhausted her means, and is unable to furnish it as splendidly as though the edifice had been less elevated and less extensive. It is still her work, it is laboured with as much care as her other productions, the proportions alone are not the same.

You will not wonder, when I tell you that strong and nervous persons do not possess a wide share of delicacy; since the matter which composes their bodies, is more purely terrestrial, and therefore less susceptible of feeling. Those whose stiff necks seem unwilling to bend, or whose air seems repulsive, must wear a heart distended with pride, or shut to the wants of their fellow creatures.

I must now keep my promise, and explore with you the mirror of the soul; an appellation which has been bestowed by the generality of mankind upon the eyes, and which comes very powerfully to the support of my system. But my subject seems so rich and extensive that I

stand bewildered in the midst of mental treasures, and will therefore probably be able to snatch but a very small portion of the instruction they afford.

Of all the senses, sight is more particularly the chosen abode of the soul, where she keeps on the watch, and from whence, whenever she glances over a new object, she compares it with the images of others which she has stored in her capacious bosom. Her most energetic language is that spoken through this organ, the force and sweetness of which, cannot be equalled by the powers or harmony of the voice. When our stock of expressions is exhausted, we have recourse to the silent eloquence of the eyes, which, freed from the shackles of grammatical rules, express with one look, what numerous and complicated sentences would have failed to unfold.

What confirms my opinion of the importance of the eyes in physiognomy is, that they never can betray truth, however our inclinations may lead us to endeavour to conceal it. You have surely remarked more than once, that many persons answered *no* with their lips, while their eyes said *yes*, and their consequent way of acting proved that the *yes* was real, and the *no* but feigned, to avoid importunities. Many people imitate the loud tones of passion, while their looks are begging your pardon; should you pay attention only to their threats you will be deceived, but should you examine their eyes, you will immediately discover their true feelings.

It is perhaps prejudice which teaches us to prefer large eyes to smaller ones, yet I believe that the first indicate a more open disposition, and that those that are rather prominent, forbode more good than those that are sunk or covered. It is false that little eyes contain more fire than large ones, the reason of its being more apparent in them is, that it is collected into a smaller focus, and therefore shines with more brilliancy. Persons of a very lively temper have seldom received large organs of sight from nature. The same inferences may be drawn from the colour of the eyes; those that are black, intimate that habitual indolence and sloth cannot be ranked among the defects of their possessors; those that are blue, the contrary, but make up in tenderness what they lose in activity. There are some which have no meaning, and among these we must distinguish the full from the common ones. The former, which are in general short-sighted, conceal almost always a rich fund of wit and energy; the latter prove a man to be deprived of the power of reflection, and to be endowed with few virtues, and of all the sorts of eyes I have seen, they are the worst, as they promise nothing. If their colour be blue especially, they will indicate cowardice and weakness; but if black, they will signify no more than some ardour and activity. Clear eyes, I always found attended with a clear and orderly mind, while those which appeared uncertain, though full of fire, belonged to men who loved nothing. A person with humid eyes, loves with too much fervency; and one with eyes widely opened, loves every thing. I run a great risk of offending many of your friends perhaps, were they to see this picture, if so, let them know that I am fair enough to acknowledge, that though such eyes as N——'s displease me, yet I dwell secure upon his friendship; and that though contracted eyes are in my opinion a sure sign of a narrow mind, I deem Mr. D——'s very powerful and comprehensive.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

ON MUSIC.

An Essay on Earl Stanhope's "Principles of the Science of Tuning Instruments with fixed Tones." (Concluded from Page 323, Vol. II.)

At page five of the work before us, Earl Stanhope proceeds to the explanation of that beating which is heard when an interval is not perfectly in tune, and calls it "a kind of disagreeable sound, not very unlike the howling of a wolf at a distance," because tuners technically term it the wolf. But Dr. Chladni, in his valuable work on Acoustics, p. 208 (German), shews that the beating in question is nothing more than that third sound which is generated by two others, and on which Tartini has founded his system of harmony, and the Abbé Vogler his system of simplification in organs. The reason of its being heard in general only as a beating, and not as a distinct note, is its being too grave a note to be distinguished by our ear; and it would no longer remain a wolf, but become a beautiful phenomenon of nature, if its octave and double octave could be added to it to render it a distinguishable note. And the reason why it cannot be heard at all, or only as a very faint note, when an interval is perfectly in tune, is, because it is then so consonant to the two real sounds of the intervals that it becomes nearly

incorporated with them; to this principle also are reconcileable the two distinct beatings mentioned at page 18 of the work.

Earl Stanhope then continues:—"Musicians and tuners are in the habit of talking of the wolf in the singular number; I shall, however, shew in the sequel that there are as many as five wolves, &c." But when tuners generally speak of a wolf, in the singular number, it only shews that there is no occassion to attend to more than one wolf or distribution, as I have explained in the former part of this essay, and not that the well informed part of them knows of no more than one wolf; for several other writers have shewn not only his Lordship's quint and major third wolves, but also minor third wolves, fourth wolves, and minor and major sixth wolves, and consequently many more than those five mentioned before. To enumerate them, and those others which are also contained in our modern diatonic scale, according to his Lordship's manner, there would be one perfect fifth and one perfect fourth wolf; six minor fifth, and six major fourth wolves; four major third, and four minor sixth wolves; three minor third, and three major sixth wolves; two major second, and two minor seventh wolves; and one minor second, and one major seventh wolf; in all thirty-four wolves. This, indeed, would be a host of howlers, sufficient to deter any person from studying the art of tuning; but I have shewn before that no more than one of them need be attended to in tempering our modern scale.

Those five wolves taught by Earl Stanhope are, one quint wolf, and four major third wolves; and the manner in which his Lordship calculates them is as follows:—the length of a wire which would yield the lowest bass C, is fixed at 960 quarters of an inch; and a succession of twelve fifths, one over another, would require the length of seven quarters of an inch, thirty-nine hundreds of a quarter of an inch, and 905.276.408.179.929.662.935 decimal parts of one of the latter. From this frightful and still infinite number, subtract $7\frac{1}{2}$ quarters of an inch, as the true ratio of that perfect octave in which the twelfth fifth should terminate, and it produces an equally long and infinite number for the ratio of his Lordship's first, or quint wolf. To examine the correctness of such calculations I have no patience, and I can also suppose, that no person will ever attend to them; but the worst of them is, that they serve only for one given arbitrary length of a string, and must be varied according to any other given length of it.

How much more simple and natural than the above, are the calculations of those other writers, which, according to the work before us, Earl Stanhope finds "not attended with the desired success." For they consider any whole length of a string as a total, expressed by the ratio 1, and its twelfth fifth is 531441-262144 of that length; from this subtract 2-1, as the true octave, and it leaves 531441-524288, as that major comma (mentioned before) which is the above Stanhope quint wolf.

To compare, in a similar manner, Earl Stanhope's unnatural calculations of his major third wolves with the natural ones of opposite writers, I think quite unnecessary; but I must notice the curious remark which his Lordship makes at p. 7, of the work, concerning his third wolves, viz. that "Nature has imprisoned them, each in a column by itself." If this was really the case, nature might be accused of having executed an unjust imprisonment on one of her most innocent productions; and any thing in nature might not only, and with equal propriety, be considered as imprisoned in its respective compass, but the whole universe would be nothing more than a prison of prisons.

From the explanation of wolves Earl Stanhope proceeds to that of their distribution, or of temperament. And at page 10 of the work, his Lordship says:—"There are a great number of different modes of temperament, which may be classed as follows, viz: the equal temperament, and the unequal temperaments." And after a few remarks on the former, his Lordship continues:—"The equal temperament is, however, a mode of tuning which I very much disapprove; according to that erroneous system, there is not a single perfect third, nor single perfect fourth, nor a single perfect quint in the whole instrument;" and at page 11,—"Instead of concords discords will be heard. But to have in any instrument nothing but discords is abominable; and that is always and necessarily the case whenever that mode of tuning which is denominated the equal temperament is adopted."

But the above remarks are contrary to reason, to experience, and to part of Earl Stanhope's own doctrines. For reason teaches us, that as it is difficult to find in this world any thing perfect in the strictest sense, we must admit as perfect enough those things in which no imperfection is very perceptible. And universal experience confirms, that all our senses really will disregard an almost imperceptible imperfection. So Earl Stanhope himself considers his bi-equal and tri-equal fifths, fourths, and thirds, as perfect enough for consonances in his own temperament, though they are perhaps three times as imperfect as those fifths, fourths, and thirds, which in the equal temperament his Lordship calls dissonances and abominable.

At page 12, Earl Stanhope proceeds to the particulars of his own temperament, where it

becomes evident that the said temperament is too intricate, not only to be produced, but also to be preserved in any stringed instrument as well as in organs. Both these I could prove by numerous very important arguments, if the limits of these pages would permit it. But it will be sufficient to say, that at page 13, his Lordship requires two of his fifths to differ from a perfect one:—" Only one in two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven parts and a half nearly, or only about 1.128.831 parts in 3.000.000.000." And at page 14, three of his fifths to differ from a perfect one :—" Only one in three hundred and sixty-one parts and half nearly, or only about 8.298.850 parts in 3.000.000.000." And equal to those intricacies in fifths, which can only be expressed in fractions of thousand of millions *nearly*, are those in fourths, thirds, sixths, seconds, and sevenths. But without the strict exactness of those almost infinite ratios, the Stanhope temperament is a mere pretence, and cannot exist. And as such an exactness is impossible to be produced or preserved, I venture to say that that temperament has never yet existed, and can never exist.

Whatever exclamations therefore Earl Stanhope makes against the equal, and in favour of his own unequal temperament, they must be considered as mere effusions of a mistaken fancy, till the arguments I have advanced and can still advance are fairly confuted. And so long I am inclined to consider the—" decided approbation of those sixty or seventy of the very first professional persons, of both sexes, and of the ablest connoisseurs in England," quoted at page 18, of the work, rather as a mere innocent compliment paid his Lordship, than an intended positive decision concerning the temperament in question.

The variety of character also, in the different keys of our compound scale, on which Earl Stanhope sets so great a stress, is not of the same importance to those players and composers who know how to produce effects by modulation, rhythm, and so forth, as to inferior ones; or else the human voice would be the most deficient musical instrument in that respect, because it tempers the scale of one key exactly like that of another, and sings in E with four sharps, the same as in E flat, with three flats.

Concerning Earl Stanhope's deviations from the usual denominations of the musical intervals, I must observe: that to say a *quint*, for a fifth, and a *quart*, for a fourth, may pass, though there is no necessity or apparent reason for it; but that I conceive his Lordship's term of *septave* for seventh to be a mistake, which ought not to be generally adopted. For though the termination *ave* is found in octave, it is as unnatural in septave as it would be in unisave, secave, tirtave, and so forth; or else the termination *ime* as in prime, and septime, might with equal propriety be added to the other intervals, as in octime, unisime, secime, &c.

At page 19 of the work, Earl Stanhope concludes his doctrine itself, with the following observation :—" Thus it is, that from our ignorance and narrow prejudices, the perfection of the principles which are to be found in nature are by us very frequently unobserved. But the more thoroughly we learn to understand them, the more we ought to feel gratitude towards the SUPREME BEING for enabling us to perceive the *sublime excellence* of their wonderful arrangement." Whose *ignorance* and *narrow prejudices* are alluded to in this passage, I do not venture to guess. And what his Lordship means by the perfection of the principles which are found in nature, and by the sublime excellence of their wonderful arrangement, I am also unable to discover, because I do not find the work to give any explanation to that purpose.

The four succeeding pages contain tables, and the last page a description of some curious discoveries of Earl Stanhope, concerning his temperament.—But in my humble opinion that part of the work also rather confirms what I have said concerning the intricacy and impossibility of the Stanhope temperament, than proves any thing contrary to the preferability of an *equal* temperament to any *unequal* one, if either of them was to be adopted universally, and exclusively of all the others.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page* 45.]

ON SOUPS.

SOUP is to a dinner what a portico is to a palace; that is to say, it is not only the first dish but it ought to give a just idea of the feast, as an overture to a comic opera should always announce the nature of the piece.

Thus if the dinner be rather a frugal one, consisting only of boiled and roasted meat, poultry, and fish, the soup should not be as rich as if the repast was more splendid; and though these kinds of soup are generally thought to be well known to cooks, yet often they are far from being good, as they require the greatest care and attention; but if the dinner be one of those in

which the artist has strictly adhered to all the culinary rules, the soup ought by its excellence to announce the splendour of the feast. The various receipts that exist for soups would fill ten volumes, but we shall content ourselves with one which has been unanimously admired by all amateurs of the table.

How to make Soup à la Camerani.

Get some real Neapolitan macaroni, some excellent Parmesan cheese, and some Epping butter, about two dozen capon livers, some celery, carrots, parsnips, leaks, &c. First begin by mincing the livers and vegetables, then put them, with a piece of butter, into a stew pan, and let them simmer; while this is boiling, the macaroni should be put in warm water to whiten, then drain it well, and season it with pepper and all-spice; afterwards take your tureen, which must be of a ware that will bear the heat of the fire, and lay at the bottom of it a bed of livers and macaroni, and grate over it some Parmesan cheese; do this alternately until the tureen is filled; then place it on the fire, and let it simmer gently until by tasting you find it done. This soup, which from its thickness might more properly be termed a stew, is delicious, and the origin of numerous indigestions.

ON DESERT.

Desert is to a dinner what the sky-rockets are to fire-works, the most brilliant part, and the one which requires the re-union of a crowd of agreeable talents. A good butler ought to be at the same time an iceman, a confectioner, a decorator, a painter, an architect, a sculptor, and a florist; it is in this repast for the eye where you may see his talents expand in the most astonishing manner. There have been some feasts in which the desert alone has cost twelve hundred pounds; but as this course speaks more to the eyes than any of the other senses, the accomplished epicure contents himself with admiring it; a piece of stimulating cheese is more prized by him than the most pompous and splendid decorations.

We have said that the desert is to the courses that precede it what sky-rockets are to fire-works, and if this simile be not exact under every relation, it will be owned, at least, that it makes us comprehend that a desert ought to be the most brilliant part of a feast; that its appearance should surprise, astonish, and enchant the guests; and that if every thing that has preceded it has fully satisfied the taste, the desert ought to speak to the soul through the medium of the eyes. It must excite a general sensation of surprise and admiration, which will put a finishing hand to the enjoyments in which the company have revelled since the commencement of the feast. This art, like many others, has made but very slow progress, and, as well as every other art, it is to the Italians that we are indebted for it.

Formerly our housekeepers knew no other system of arrangement than in the immense size of their joints, and the different shape of their dishes; a heavy profusion was the only merit of our most splendid tables. This vulgar sumptuosity attested opulence, but nothing in it announced either taste or elegance. Paul Veronese's painting of the Marriage in Canaan, which is exhibited at the Museum at Paris, will give you a just idea of the style which then reigned.

When the art of confection had attained some perfection, a new manner of serving up deserts was invented. The happy combination of fresh with preserved fruit, led to the idea of imitating the trees on which it grew; the Italians, who were the first inventors of this style, carried it to an eminent degree of perfection.

To increase the elegance of this service, plates of the brightest metal were introduced, which were afterwards ornamented with looking glasses; in the midst of variously coloured sands were painted flowers which produced the beautiful variety of a parterre, and to complete the illusion, these parterres were covered with little figures made of sugar, and very naturally coloured, which formed the representation in miniature of a select party walking in a pleasure ground bespangled with flowers.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF SELF-LOVE CONSIDERED WITH ITS RELATIONS TO COOKERY.

The old adage which assures us that our eyes are larger than our stomach, is a truth which ought not to be forgotten by certain Amphytrions, who, borne away by a foolish vanity, sacrifice every thing for the first glances, and serve up a repast fit for twenty people, when there are but eight or ten guests, and by this means are seldom able to receive their friends. Such persons would give ten dinners in a year instead of three, if they were less to consult the eyes of their guests than their appetites.

Domestic economy vainly endeavours to make the remains of a splendid entertainment last throughout the week, it cannot succeed, and proves beyond a doubt that pride is in this instance an enemy to real enjoyment. Boileau has said with much truth:—"Qu'un diner rechauffé ne valut jamais rien;" and it is to understand one's interest very ill to prepare a dinner that comes on the table for eight days, and is only really good on the first.

This is not the only fault into which an ill devised self love may lead us at dinner time; and, in short, to proceed methodically, we will

begin by saying, that symmetry is one of the most formidable enemies to good living. It is proved that every thing in this nether world must be served up, gathered, or eaten when ripe; from the rose down to the *omelette* which must be devoured the instant it is turned out of the frying pan; from the partridge, the excellence of which often depends on an hour's mortification, to the mince pye, which should make but one leap from the mouth of the oven to that of the epicure; there is in every thing a moment of perfection which should be skilfully caught.

Ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum; which means in English, protraction or precipitation in cookery are equally prejudicial to ragouts.

There is not one real epicure that is not acquainted with this established truth; and how it was possible to renounce the custom of serving up dish after dish, to adopt that of covering the table with fifteen or twenty different ones, which cannot be all swallowed at the same time, and the last of which are sure to be cold? A ridiculous vanity has dictated this pompous symmetry so fatal to the taste, and which at the utmost can only satisfy the thoughtless and the foolish.

Vainly have Amphitryons of sound judgment, who were obliged to sacrifice their own opinion to custom without possessing sufficient strength of mind to follow the precepts of their forefathers, felt the fatal consequences of a regular and systematical dinner, and sought to remedy it by using artificial heat; pewter dishes filled with boiling water, and some also with charcoal, have been used for this purpose, but these are but melancholy palliatives, and tend less to keep the natural heat than to dry up the meat.

What then is to be done? will exclaim the man of the world, who is a slave to fashion and vanity. We will answer, despise the one and lay aside the other; give six principal dishes instead of twelve, but let them be larger; serve them up one after the other, or at the utmost two at a time, from the soup to the desert. This will be the means of tasting every dish hot, of eating plentifully, doing justice to the whole of the repast, satisfying the most bashful appetites, and giving an excellent dinner with much less expence.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

LINES

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF J. W. CHANDLER.

BUT for dread recollection, sad yet dear,
And evidence of other eyes than these,
I would deny that this was Chandler's grave.
I boast no muse's partial smile, nor claim
The sacred ardour of the poet's brains,
Or worth like thine snould not remain unsung,
Nor slighted be a poet's memory.
But what has grief with polished phrase to do,
And all the idle vanities of speech?
Enough that truth its simple purpose speak.
He who lies here, amid the common dead,
Unsculptured and unsung, once knew full well
The daring mind in fancy's maze to lead;
To build the mystic power of heav'nly sounds;
Or trace, with modest pencil, nature's hues
In all their changeful variance of shade.
Unheeding be the noisy world without,
Pent in his little circumscribed abode,
His labours he pursued, nor mourn'd his lot.
Oft when the sun with weary western pace,
Sunk in his riche[illegible] radiance of heaven,
Night hath his labours watch'd,—the midnight oil
Oft in its little crucible hath waned,
And with its last expiring glimmer met
His eye unclos'd—little of rest had he,
For when the painter paus'd the poet sung.
Peace to thy manes, heaven-instructed bard!
Though to the gazing passenger no stone
Thy merit shall proclaim,—what though no bard,
An idle stringer of half-living lines,
Hitch thy acquirements in some halting verse,
Yet, not unmindful of thy virtues he
Who to thy shade this passing tribute gives.
Round ——'s festive board no more thou'rt seen
Where, as the bottle wheel'd its jovial course
The streaming light of intellect has play'd;
Chasten'd th' exhilirating grape, and gave
The feast of reas n to the flow of wine.
Those days, alas! are gone—and oft I pause,
And ponder on the dread uncertainty
Of who may follow next.
Thus imperceptibly we disappear,
Till that the little neighbourhood of life
Is thinned to perfect solitude; and thus
Our best affections torn, we gradual sink
Unheeding and unheeded to the grave.

A.

MARIA;

OR, THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

FROM bubbling streams, or springs that rise
In mountain grot, or willowy vale,
Bring water while I close these eyes,
And kiss these lips so cold and pale.
From tufted grove and shadowy glen
Untrodden by the feet of men,
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields,
Bring every flower that nature yields;
And scatter every breathing sweet,
On lov'd Maria's winding sheet.
Blest spirit, newly freed from pain,
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,
Belov'd, and watch'd, and wept in vain,
A moment more thy flight suspend.
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,
With water from the bubbling spring
I wash thy limbs. I spread thy bier;
And lay thee down, with many a tear,
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white,
To slumber through thy weary night.
Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,
Thy playful innocence, no more,
Thy fond, fond mother, shall rejoice;
Thy little dreams of joys are o'er.
Of all the graces of thy mind,
No token wilt thou leave behind;
No trace of thee will soon remain,
But, in this breast a mother's pain;
A mossy grave, an humble stone,
To tell thy years and name unknown.

THE VIOLET.

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn;
The sun with his splendour embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
While the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours;
Let Eve's blooming daughters the garden survey,
And make their remarks on the flowers.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as ye walk,
How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
How proud! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest:
From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
What odours incessantly spring!
The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets:
So humble, that (though with unparallel'd grace
She might even a palace adorn,)
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, ye fair ones, is doubly refin'd,
When modesty heightens its charms:
When meekness divine adds a gem to the mind,
The heart of the suitor it warms:
Let none talk of Venus, and all her proud train,
(The Graces that wait at her call;)
'Tis meekness alone, which the conquest will gain;
This vi'let surpasses them all.

THE ROSE.

NURS'D by the Zephyr's balmy sighs,
And cherish'd by the tears of Morn;
O flow'r of flow'rs! unfold—arise!
O haste, delicious Rose, be born!

Unheeding wish! no—yet awhile,
Be yet awhile thy dawn delay'd;
Since the same hour that sees thee smile
In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Cecilia thus, an opening flow'r,
Must with'ring droop at heav'n's decree;
Like her thou bloom'st thy little hour,
And she alas! must fade like thee.

But go—and on her bosom die;
At once thy throne and blissful tomb;
While envious heaves my secret sigh
To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
Thy blushing trem'lous tints reveal;
Go, bright yet hurtless charm her eyes;
Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
From Love's asylum rudely torn;
O rose, a lover's vengeance bear,
And let my rival feel thy thorn.

TO MARY.

CEASE to weep, my long-lov'd Mary,
Tho' a beauteous Nymph I've seen;
Young and gay—a very Fairy,
Still thou reign'st my bosom's Queen.

Ruby lips and sparkling eyes,
Let my giddy Girl possess;
These have caus'd unhallow'd sighs,
Not one true sigh I love thee less!

Nor mourn that time hath borne away
The April buds which deck'd thy cheek;
Chang'd thy lovely tresses grey,
And rough'd thy brow—once marble sleek.

What matters if the casket's worn,
And blurs and blotches mark it round;
Ne'er heed how much the outward's torn,
Since safe within, a gem is found!

Then cease to weep, altho' you see
By yon playful flame I'm ta'en;
Cloy'd with common sweets, the bee
Hies him to his rose again!

THE TWO VIZIERS;

A TALE.

A Persian king two viziers had,
And fate unfav'ring prov'd,
The sultan and these viziers both
The same fair lady lov'd.

The sultan call'd his palanquin,
And both his fav'rites took
Unto the sage magician, who
Dwelt o'er the silver brook.

"Magician, hear thy king's resolve;
"Thy head shall forfeit be,
"Unless thou set these viziers both
"From love's dominion free,

"That I unrivall'd may possess
"The lady I adore,
"That outward smile and inward curse
"I may not witness more."

The sage magician knew the king
He strictly must obey;
The sage magician knew his head
Must for his failure pay.

This learn'd inchanter did to voice
And feature give good heed,
He knew the master lines that to
The master passions lead.

He on the fav'rites fixt his eye
With penetrating look;
He read their passions, tempers, thoughts,
As in a printed book.

Then rubs his brow and muses o'er
The king's severe command—
He calls—a lovely maid appears,
None fairer in the land.

He to the vizier Selim turns;
"Be this thy fav'rite fair,
"Nor blush to own how flexible
"Thy easy passions are.

"Go, nymph, employ thy power to charm,
"Thou'lt aim a happier dart;"
He turn'd upon the other then
And stabb'd him to the heart.

"I dar'd not trifle, mighty prince,
"Thine anger to endure;
"*This* vizier lov'd, and all the world
"Contain'd no other cure." H.

THE WELCOME.

There is a house (no matter where),
Enough for me, I can declare,
I meet whenever I am there
Full welcome.

Not without limits the domain,
But ah! what limits can restrain
Hearts which for human kind maintain
Such welcome.

Art has not wav'd her magic wand,
Nor Ostentation lent her hand,
Fastidious, to adorn this land
Of welcome.

The hospitable table stor'd
With all that Plenty can afford—
Good-humour presses to the board,
With welcome.

The fare so good, the friends so kind,
Domestic rules so to my mind—
Elsewhere I dare not hope to find
Such welcome.

The vet'ran, boasting many a scar
Imprinted by the fate of war,
And homeward looking from afar
For welcome.

Then halting, eager to disclose
His dangers past, and present woes,
Learns ere the chequer'd tale he close
His welcome.

The sailor, whom sad wounds deform,
Finds written on his shattered form,
(The wreck of many a battle's storm)
A welcome.

Each wand'ring houseless child of woe,
Whom Fortune's sports may hither throw,
Is taught his sorrows to forego
In welcome.

No frown will check the opening smile,
No rigour ask the hireling's toil,
But Charity the tear beguile
With welcome.

Nor Woe alone may revel there,
For hither Pleasure may repair,
And laughing Jollity may share
The welcome.

Where life's best blessings so abound,
And mirth and humour fly around
Oh! there is magic in the sound
Of welcome!

And such life's changeful destiny,
He, who to-day exalted high,
His humbler brother would deny
A welcome,

To-morrow's chances may bewail,
To morrow, urging Mis'ry's tale,
May to the cottage gladly hail
A welcome.

But he who of the scantiest store,
Reserves a morsel for the poor,
And giving, wishes it were more,
With welcome,

Blessing and blessed, long shall live—
To larger treasures, shall receive
Than pow'r or affluence can give,
Full welcome.

CAPRICE.

As Nature animation owes
To Sol's refulgent heat,
So from what Shakespeare's muse bestows
My lays originate.

Of man in evr'y act and stage,
From birth to life's decrease,
I mean to sing how ev'ry age
Is govern'd by caprice.

In infancy its dawn we view,
The whining moan for—something new;
The coral bells awhile invite;
Now tops and paper-kites delight.
Miss—emblem strong of future wishes,
Is pleased with dollies, fans, and dishes:
The fan to atoms soon is tatter'd,
The dolly broke, the dishes batter'd;
And then succeed the finger's armour,
With rings and pincushions to charm her.

When shady down begins to grace
The full-grown youth's cherubic face,
To manlier joys his mind he turns,
His heart with love of danger burns;
The chace or course his fancy fires;
The noise and shouts of war admires;
Pledges to twenty maids his troth,
And seals each period with an oath.

But delicate, capricious Miss,
Is quite an opposite of this;
She doats on dear Rauzzini's song;
Is crazy for a cotillion;
Detests the very name of Handel;
Hates plays—except the School for Scandal;
And would as soon see asses run,
As view that monster—Henderson;
Though, just to follow Fashion's path,
She clapp'd him ev'ry night at Bath.
She wonders that her cousin Nancy
Would have a hat of such a fancy;
At shopping time she next day gets
The self-same make from Netta Brett's,
Because she heard Beau Chusem swear
'Twould suit her mantua to a hair.
She meets Sir George at Lady Trump's,
He bows, but Miss is in the dumps;
Yet hopes Sir George will grant his hand
On Monday for an allemande.

When Sire and Matron—names that please
Each lover of the law—increase—
The steadiness of thought demand,
Caprice still waves her fickle wand;
At morning o'er the fumes of tea,
They plan what calling Jack must be—
"A statesman, lawyer, bard, divine,
"No doubt the boy will some day shine;
"But wicked Tim (the younger son)
"Is full of mischief, wit, and fun;
"A soldier he—by Mars I vow,
"He'll be as great as General Howe.
"However let us change the subject,
"And dinner now must be our object."
Then roast and boil'd, and lean and fat,
Make up the morn's capricious chat.

Now let us view, 'midst urns and books,
The antiquarian's thoughtful looks;
A beauteous, free estate he sells,
To purchase fossils, spars, and shells;
He gives—would reason ever think it!
An hundred guineas for a trinket;
Because medallic Evelyn says,
"'Twas made in Julius Cæsar's days."

Caprice but seldom fails to press
The mind of second childishness:
What sooner can our laughter move
Than hearing dotards making love?
Or see an old enfeebled creature
Dress'd for a ball or fete-champetre?
And hear him give his workmen orders
To extend his views—put down his borders
To make the mansion of a piece,
Old Gothic yields to new Chinese.

But pity here shall draw her veil,
Nor at the faults of age shall rail:
Age from the Muse should find protection,
Youth link'd to Folly, her correction.
Nor will she use the lash severe,
But bids her votaries to steer
Free of Caprice—the child of freak,
And cousin of ill-humour'd pique,
Projector base of discontent,
Disgustful, sour, impertinent;
Whose sway the bosom's peace distracts,
Who knows nor why, nor how it acts,
But, like an evil-minded poet,
Disturbs the rest of all who know it.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas,
Amongst the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day!
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sung
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd till I had my fill;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

LINES,

OR RETURNING A RING TO A YOUNG LADY.

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion,
That heaven has reserv'd for one happier than me,
On the hand of the fair go resume thy lov'd station,
Go bask in the beams that are lavish'd on thee.
And when some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
With the transport of love may no torture combine,
But be her's all the bliss, and the suffering mine.

Yet say to thy mistress, 'ere yet I resign thee,
Ah! say why thy charms so indifferent to me;
To her thou art dear, then should I not adore thee?
Can the heart that is her's be regardless of thee.
But the eyes of a lover, a friend, or a brother,
Can see nought in thee but the flame of another;
On me then thou'rt lost, for thou never can'st prove
The emblem of faith, of the token of love!

But ah! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround,
Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of my dear,
What ransom to buy thee could ever be found,
Or what force from my heart the possession could tear!
A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a ranger,
In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
In my heart I would wear thee 'till its last pulse were over,
Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

THE COTTAGE.

TO ISABELLA.

Oh share my cottage gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To give a sweetness to its shade,
And happiness to me.

Luxurious pride it cannot boast,
'Tis all simplicity;
No perfumes from Arabia's coast,
Nor glitt'ring gems thou'lt see.

The hawthorn with the woodbine twin'd
Present their sweets to thee;
And ev'ry balmy breath of wind,
Is fill'd with harmony.

Here from the splendid gay parade
Of noise and folly free,
No sorrows can my peace invade,
If only blest with thee.

A truly fond and faithful heart,
Is all I offer thee;
And can'st thou see me thus depart,
A prey to misery?

Then share my cottage, dearest maid,
It only waits for thee,
To add fresh beauty to its shade,
And happiness to me!

H.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR AUGUST.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[*Continued from Page* 50.]

(*Enter* URSULE, *listening*.)

Sainville. You avoid me so scrupulously that I cannot interpret your conduct in a different manner.

Louise. Well, Sir, I am an artless girl and will reveal exactly what agitates my heart.

Ursule (*aloud*). Louise, you are wanted, the servants and housekeeper desire to receive your commands.

Louise (*low to Ursule*). What a weight of embarrassment you have taken off my mind. (*Aloud*) I am going.

Sainville. You had promised to give me an explanation of your conduct.

Louise. You are destined by my father, I think you said, to become my husband; but, Sir, there are other young ladies in this house who are equally worthy of your addresses; Agathe and Pauline, for instance.

Sainville. They are undoubtedly very amiable; yet I should prefer——

Louise. The truth is, they have rejected you, they have just now declared it to me; and do you believe that after having obtained this knowledge, I should feel much honoured by your attentions—neither are you the only friend of my father's who has paid us a visit.

Sainville. What, madam?

Louise. Nothing more than this; I rely upon my father's kindness; he will not compel me to form so serious an engagement against my inclination. (*Low to Ursule*). Ah! my dear Ursule, I must hasten away, lest he should see the tears ready to burst from my eyes. [*Exit*.

Sainville (*aside*). Is it aversion or coquetry that directs her actions? This house is really the nest of female *perfection*! The one with her love for hunting and her Amazonian appearance, the other with her sickly partiality for novels, and a third whose mind is the sport of whim. Alas! my dear Jaquemin, you know very little how to educate girls.

Ursule. May I ask, Sir, what is the cause of your seeming affliction?

Sainville. I am indeed afflicted, at having been so unfortunate as unconsciously to displease your friend.

Ursule. Impossible!

Sainville. Then it is the effect of one of her caprices; and you must own that my prospect of happiness with her, is not very bright. But why should I be in a hurry to marry, and seek for a wife in Mr. Jaquemin's family? his daughters and wards are not the only ladies on earth; and Louise is not the only one who is adorned with sense and beauty, for I have an instance of the contrary before me.

Ursule. I feel how unworthy I am of such a compliment. I have no caprices it is true, but I am incapable of committing an act of deceit, and though Mr. Jaquemin invited me this morning to enter the lists with his wards and daughters, I will only speak of Louise to you.

Sainville. Let me never hear of her any more, I beseech you.

Ursule. Let me try to find the cause of this quarrel. Is it not that you have told her your intention of living in the country?

Sainville. Well?

Ursule. It has probably chagrined Louise, who without acknowledging it, secretly wishes to settle at Paris.

Sainville. This piece of information puts an end to my uncertainty, and I now rejoice at having refused the apartment Mr. Jaquemin has prepared for me.

Ursule. For my part I cannot conceive what pleasures Paris can afford.

Sainville. You are fond of the country?

Ursule. Passionately; when in the company of those we love every abode becomes delightful. I live so happy with my mother.

Sainville. I long to pay her my respects, and will instantly bid adieu to Mr. Jaquemin.

Ursule. Not for ever, I sincerely hope. I perceive him coming, and will leave you together; but I tell you before hand, whenever you visit us expect to hear my mother and I speak of no one else but Louise. (*Aside as she goes*.) He will marry me. [*Exit*.

Sainville (*alone*). Undoubtedly I shall visit the mother of this amiable young lady. What goodness she displayed when she took Louise's part—what fire! what animation!

Enter JAQUEMIN.

Jaquemin. How now, Sainville? how fares your heart among so many captivating objects? how successful in your adresses?

Sainville. You are very kind.—*(Aside.)* He will fly into a passion, and break off my connection, perhaps; but at all events I am determined to tell the truth, however unpleasant.

Jaquemin. You give me no answer?

Sainville. You know, my friend, that happiness in the married state depends upon a similitude of dispositions, and I must own I am rather eccentric.

Jaquemin. I understand you, you mean my two wards, they were too old when they were placed under my care to have their education cast into a new mould;—they do not suit you.

Sainville. I am far from admiring them.

Jaquemin. But Louise? the case is different there.

Sainville. She is possessed of a thousand good qualities, I doubt not, yet ———

Jaquemin. Yet! what, are you not in love with my daughter?

Sainville. I fear I am not happy enough to please her.

Jaquemin. Not please her? nonsense! Louise has too much good sense not to esteem you when she is better acquainted with you.

Sainville No; I believe it is better to give up all pretensions to her hand at once.

Jaquemin. Give her up at once! that is a weak pretence, a false excuse, it is you who refuse to marry her.

Sainville. She received me with a denial.

Jaquemin. To refuse the hand of my daughter!

Sainville. Always the same, as impetuous as ever.

Jaquemin. After giving me your word!

Sainville. Not exactly so much, my friend.

Jaquemin. Your friend? I your friend!

Sainville. I knew you would fly into a passion.

Jaquemin. I am not in a passion; but your conduct is shameful: no, no, I am not in a passion, thanks be to heaven my daughter will not want suitors.

Sainville. I am certain of that, and that is the reason why I let you know that she is free.

Jaquemin. You have done very right, Mr. Sainville, your hand; we shall see each other no more.

Sainville. We shall, my dear Jaquemin, and you will grow cool; but I am also of opinion that it will be more proper I should not be seen again in your house till your daughters and wards be married.

Jaquemin. Oh, not even then, I have done with you for ever.

Sainville. This is too much, it is impossible to keep one's patience any longer with such a man. [*Going.*

Jaquemin. Well, you leave me, you depart.

Sainville. You turn me out.

Jaquemin. Oh yes, set off, you are right.

Sainville. Yes, my friend, I am right. When this storm will be over, you will feel I have acted like an honest man, your daughter would not have been happy with me. [*Exit.*

Jaquemin. Infamous! infamous! such are our modern friends! who ever heard of such conduct? I am so angry with him, Louise, and all my wards; where are they, *(calling)* Agathe, Pauline, Louise, Therese. They must have committed some extravagance, which has fallen upon the head of my poor girl.

Enter THERESE.

Therese. What has happened, father, that you call so loud?

Jaquemin. What has happened; I wonder, Miss, that at your age you should dare to fix your inclination upon your cousin without my consent, and own it before me. Learn that I forbid you to write to him, or receive any of his letters.

Enter AGATHE, PAULINE, *and* LOUISE.

Agathe. What are your wishes, my dear guardian?

Jaquemin. My wishes, Miss, what means your conduct towards that honest man, Ledoux? Is it not time you should be married?

Pauline. Really, Mr. Jaquemin, you are in a strange humour.

Jaquemin. And you, Miss; don't you see you spoil yourself with reading ridiculous romances. Are such books fit to be perused by a young lady?

Louise. Be not so angry, father.

Jaquemin. Ah! you dare to speak to me too. It is you who are the cause of all this; you, from whom I expected more comfort, have now injured me more than any. What did you say to Sainville, that he leaves me, vowing never to enter this house again, and refusing to marry you?

Louise. Does Mr. Sainville refuse me, I rejoice at it heartily *(sighing)*.

Jaquemin. You rejoice at it! you are all mad, and wish to make me rave.

Enter CORSIGNAC *and* LEDOUX.

Corsignac. I've conquered! I've conquered! *(to Agathe)* here is your slave *(presenting Ledoux)*.

Jaquemin. What do you mean?

Corsignac. Only this, dear guardian, your ward is no longer blind to the merits of Mr. Ledoux,

who returns to her more loving than ever, and wants nothing more than your consent to celebrate the nuptials.

Jaquemin. As for you, Sir, I believe you are an honourable man; but it is Mr. Sainville who introduced you to me, and he has behaved in such a manner that his aquaintance with you is no recommendation to me. But no; it is Louise alone who is the cause of all this.

Louise. Permit me to withdraw, I cannot bear your anger; but since it has been kindled by Mr. Sainville, I hate his very name. [*Exit.*

Jaquemin. Very well, she hates him; and he is gone never to return!

Therese. But father, my cousin and I are not in the least guilty.

Jaquemin. Hold your tongue; this is the effect of my goodness, my indulgence, or rather my folly; but I'll be so no more; and if you don't amend I'll give you all up, and you shall die old maids! [*Exit.*

Therese. Oh father! do not curse us.

Agathe. What a passion!

Pauline. What a burst of rage!

Corsignac (*to Pauline*). Be so kind as to initiate me into this mystery.

Pauline. What do you wish, Sir? to fatigue me with your love; it would be very untimely, for I never was so far from feeling disposed to laugh in my life. [*Exit.*

Ledoux (*to Agathe*). Must I a second time withdraw from your presence?

Agathe. Just as you please. My guardian is angry with me without knowing why, and so am I with you. [*Exit.*

Corsignac. Every head goes wrong in this house.

Therese (*to Ledoux*). Follow Agathe.—(*To Corsignac.*) and you Pauline.

Corsignac. Let us interrogate your father, the servants, the whole house, for we must know whence this tempest proceeds.

Therese. From our neighbour, Ursule, I have no doubt. [*Exit.*

Corsignac. Yes, you are right, I'll soon find it out. [*Exit.*

Ledoux. Why did I return so soon.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(*To be continued.*) p. 165.

HAYMARKET.

The public were on Thursday, the 13th, attracted to this theatre by a new Comedy, entitled *Errors Excepted.* The scene lies in a country town, and though there is no great intricacy in the plot, it is very well calculated to excite an interest, and to afford diversion. The hero of the piece, *Frank Woodland,* is embarrassed in his circumstances, partly by his father's profusion, and partly by his own credulity in depending upon a false friend. He is attached to *Sylvia Convoy,* who is under the guardianship of two uncles, who are both solicitous that she should marry. She has two other lovers, one *Grumley,* the tyrannical Lord of the Manor, and *Verdict,* the Attorney of the village. She despises them both, and is secretly partial to *Frank Woodland*—*Frank,* having but little fortune, is too delicate to avail himself of her affection. After several ludicrous mistakes, and much pleasant *equivoque,* the uncles consent to a marriage, and it appears that one of these uncles, *Commodore Convoy,* had brought home property belonging to *Frank,* which enables him to redeem his estate from mortgage in the hands of *Grumley.*

There is an under-plot arising from a former connection between the *Lawyer* and the *Widow Hall,* as well as from the distresses of an old schoolmaster and his family who have been brought to beggary by the oppression of *Grumley.* The piece is diversified by the humours of the *Commodore,* of the *Lawyer,* of a *rustic Waiter,* as well as by the wild desperation of *Invoice,* a broken speculator.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, who approaches nearer to the particular line of Mr. Colman than any modern dramatist. If we were inclined to be fastidious we might object to the model he has chosen; but as the drama, by the general concurrence of the town, has long been exempted from the obligation of ordinary rules, and been suffered to plead to criticism with a pardon in its pocket, it would be ungenerous to quarrel with the *puns* or attempts at overcharged character, which abound in this piece.

In a country where folly is faith, who would be a martyr to good sense? In an age in which the stage relishes, and indeed admits nothing else, Mr. Dibdin would be to blame to risk his profit for his reputation, or prefer the general object of writing to one of its most barren and precarious compensations.

This is doubtless Mr. Dibdin's excuse to himself, and may well be admitted as his apology to the critics. Some objections, however, we are bound to make.

In the first place, the plot was somewhat stale—A bankrupt not appearing to his commission, a young man becoming a dupe to misplaced confidence, a ship foundering at sea, &c &c. Incidents of this sort are of a species of plot which abound in that catalogue of mercantile sufferings, *Lloyd's List* and the *London Gazette.* Mr. Dibdin might have looked around him, and found a better story with ease.

The characters were not very new; *Verdict* is

an exception. The idea of the buckish country pettifogger was original; we trust Mr. Dibdin will not abandon this character. In the present piece it is a mere sketch. The country waiter was very good, and the landlady not amiss.

The chief merit of this piece, however, was the dialogue, with a few exceptions as to the puns The first scene in the second act, in which *Sylvia* ridicules some modern fashions, particularly that of Egyptian furniture, was written with a true spirit of wit and vivacity, which would have done honour to any writer of the age.

The piece was well supported by the performers, and warmly received by the audience — Among the performers we have chiefly to notice Mrs. Litchfield, who may be said to have done more than justice for the author. Mathews was excellent; and dressed his character most admirably. Mr. Young appeared to no advantage; the part was unsuited to him, and had little effect. An airy, spirited Epilogue was delivered by Mrs. Litchfield, in a manner which procured her general applause.

Mr Sheridan's dramatic satire, *The Critic*, has been revived at this theatre It has been a good deal anticipated in its effect by *Tom Thumb*, a piece which, without the ostentation of criticism, or any grave attempt to expose the faults of dramatic composition by means of ridicule, is invariably diverting by the vivacity of its burlesque and the pleasant originality of its caricature.

The *Rehearsal* was of that class of plays which Aristotle might have written,—criticism thrown into a dramatic form, and familiarised and invigorated by stage examples; *Tom Thumb* might have been the combination of Aristophanes and Plautus; but the *Critic* has all the grace and elegance of Horace, with the addition of that humour so peculiar to English writers.

Notwithstanding the value of this piece, it is better in the closet than on the stage. The majority of an audience understand nothing of criticism. They judge of good or bad writings only by effect; they laugh at a thing decidedly ridiculous, without any help from critical sagacity, or application of the joke beyond its present object.—When *Burleigh* shakes his head and makes his *exit*, the laugh is at the actor's grimace; the satire on the stiff and empty courtier of modern tragedy is perceived, and relished but by few. For stage effect, therefore, *Tom Thumb* is much superior to the *Critic*—Its satire is of a very different value and kind. The Haymarket company is not quite strong enough to do justice to this piece. Fawcett was the *Puff*; but he was not solemn nor dry enough for the impostor. Instead of delivering the dialogue in a grave and serious tone of irony, leaving the joke and the laugh to the audience, he very kindly conducted them to it by his own grimace, and spluttered and gabbled through his part, as if it had been *Ollapod* or *Caleb Quotem*. The humour of *Puff* is too refined for the comic habits of Fawcett.

Mathews's *Sir Fretful Plagiary* was admirable; it was most successfully drest; his affected candour had a very fine tone of hypocrisy; his petulance and impatience were given with the most inimitable exterior gesture; in a word, Mathews, in this character, was not inferior to Parsons himself. *Dangle* and *Sneer* were both *mediocre*. Mrs. Liston, in *Tilburina*, was excellent, and Waddy was a good representative of the mute *Lord Burleigh*.

The piece was well received, and continues to attract.

ON THE

STRUCTURE OF OUR THEATRES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE strictures in my first letter were confined to the shape of the house, or part allotted to the spectators; the remarks in my second epistle had for their object the disposition of the *proscenium*, or intermediate space between the house and the stage; the observations of this my third scrawl will entirely relate to the arrangement of the stage itself.

With regard to this latter part of our theatrical structures, allow me to begin by observing that our nation, which perhaps makes a more dexterous and more extensive use of machinery than any other, in the production and improvement of objects of direct utility and comfort, seems to avail itself less than any other, of the powers of mechanism, in the promotion and the perfecting of instruments and means of mere diversion and show.

In the great Italian and French theatres, every change of scenery, however extensive its whole, and however complicated its parts, is entirely accomplished by means of machinery. The turning of one single wheel effects at once, both the simultaneous retreat of the entire assemblage of wings and drops and flat, that are to disappear, and the simultaneous advancement of the entire set of lateral and top and back scenes, that are to come forward in their place: so that the deepest forest or garden scene is, as if by magic, in a twinkling, converted into a street or palace.

In the English playhouses, on the contrary, every change of scenery (if we except a few of those very confined and partial transfigurations of our Harlequinades, termed Pantomimes) is at-

chieved by dint of hands; and, whether the action lie in Peru or in China, in ancient Greece or modern London, whenever the scene is to be shifted, out pop a parcel of fellows in ragged laced liveries, to announce the event, and to bring it about by mere manual labour. They are not only distinctly heard, giving each other directions to that purpose, to the unspeakable annoyance of the actor, whom they perhaps outbellow in some of his finest passages—but they are even distinctly seen, tugging and pulling piecemeal at each different piece of the scenery: of these various divisions some hitch, others tumble; here a wing comes rolling on the stage before its time, there another lags behind until perhaps the time for a new removal is arrived: and thus does every one of those changes of decoration, so frequent in English plays, only present a scene of confusion, most distressing to the eye.

I shall not expatiate at length, on the constant violation of those laws of perspective, which ought to make the whole range of wings and drops and flat, one single cohering body; or on the equally constant disregard of those rules of congruity, which should render every one of these different component parts of the same whole, subservient to an uniform style of architecture and of decoration. Suffice it to say, that this violation and this disregard of the most essential conditions of theatrical illusion are carried in England to the highest pitch. Instead of fitting to each other's extremities with nicety, the wings and drops often encroach upon each other's boundaries in such a way as to occasion, in the different objects which they represent, the most unsightly maimings and breaks: and not unfrequently is the roof of the humblest hovel lost in the tattered sky. For the most part, the wings, neither in the style, nor in the proportions, nor in the perspective of their architecture, correspond at all with the flat with which they are associated; and between the extreme shallowness of these wings, and the excessive width of the intervening spaces between them, half the audience is treated, in all our playhouses, with a full view, not only of the premeditated and full dress play, acted before the scenes, but of the extempore and undress play, going forward behind the stage, to the utter destruction of all illusion, decorum, and pleasure!

On the French stage, whenever the scene represents a room, particular attention is given to the making that room appear habitable and inhabited. It always displays in the very centre of the flat or closing part, its own appropriate folding door, at which the dramatis personæ usually go in and out; and if, from the peculiar texture of the play exhibited, this room should be supposed to lead to different distinct contiguous apartments, it has as many more additional doors as there are supposed to be such apartments, each contrived in some one of the wings that line the sides of the stage. This practice not only increases the illusion of the scene, but, what is still more material, renders much easier the understanding of the plot: not to speak of the infinitely more striking effect which is produced by a performer of a commanding mien, and invested with a dignified character, entering the scene at the centre, and from his very first appearance presenting himself in front to the spectators, than when obliged to slide edgeways on and off the boards, through an interstice in the side scenes.

In England there hardly ever is a central door, contrived in the flat which closes the scene: Whatever be the performance, and whoever be the personages, they all either walk in and out at the permanent doors, which form part of the proscenium; and, which, as I have already observed, offer in their architecture and decoration no harmony or connection whatever with the peculiar scenery or event exhibited; or they slide in and out, between the intervals of the wings, which are generally intended to represent a solid cohering wall; so that, were the laws of perspective sufficiently attended to, in the painting of the scenes, to render the separation between their different divisions as imperceptible as it ought to be, and to make them look like an uninterrupted mass of masonry, the *entrée* and the exit of each personage athwart this solid wall, would every time appear effected by downright witchcraft.

In French scenery, a room, represented as inhabited, always is made to display a few chairs, and other pieces of appropriate furniture, disposed all around, and ready for the performers to help themselves to, when required: nor, if, in the play that is acting, a dialogue between two seated personages, should not be intended to take place, until, perhaps, near the very conclusion of the scene, would a couple of the gentlemen in laced liveries aforementioned, as if endowed with the gift of second sight from the very rising of the curtain, lug two lumbering arm-chairs to the very centre of the in all other respects totally unfurnished boards; there to remain, staring the spectators full in the face, during the whole of the ensuing scene, in order to give them timely intimation of a conversation, which, perhaps, the author has been torturing his wits to represent as an unpremeditated and spontaneous effusion, resulting from the most unforeseen concurrence of incidents.

A. Z.